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CUPE set to go on strike

TAs take a stand on what they say are unfair wages

BY BRYNA HALLAM

The University of Victoria may face a strike at the start of final exams.

Teaching assistants, sessionals, computing staff and language instructors–all members of CUPE Local 4163–are taking a strike vote this week in an attempt to move contract negotiations with the university forward.

Union spokesperson Melissa Moroz said teaching assistants (TAs) have been without a contract since August, and that the university has yet to propose one.

"The university continues not to even discuss monetary issues," said Sherwin Arnott, chair of the local bargaining team.

UVic TAs make $17 per hour, far below TAs at both the University of British Colombia (UBC) and Simon Fraser University (SFU). At UBC, TAs are paid $25 per hour, while SFU TAs make $27 per hour.

"Wage parity with UBC and SFU is reasonable," Sherwin said.

On top of their low wages, UVic grad students have been faced with a 70 per cent tuition increase. Many students make just enough as TAs to cover their tuition, with little left over for living expenses. Some pay more tuition than they earn. Since being a TA is a term of their acceptance to grad programs, they end up paying to work.

"We have a hard time working as TAs," said Arnott, who is teaches in the department of philosophy. "We want to work on campus, but there is disincentive–many people get better pay at their other jobs."

Along with wages, tuition and benefits are concerns for TAs. In their last contract, there was no parental leave available, meaning new parents wanting time off to care for their child had to take a pay cut or make up the time later. There is also no sick leave.

Arnott believes that tuition increases, combined with low wages for TAs, are driving graduate students away from UVic. "We're not attracting the best and brightest to UVic," he said.

Although the union hopes to avoid job action, they say they will moye forward if required. Arnott stresses that the strike vote is intended to move the bargaining forward. "We'll do what we can to avoid job action," he said.

Moroz agrees. "We are students, so we totally understand what students are going through and we're trying to avoid a strike," she said. "What we're doing now is proceeding forward in the only way we know how to try and put pressure on our employer to try and come up with a monetary package."

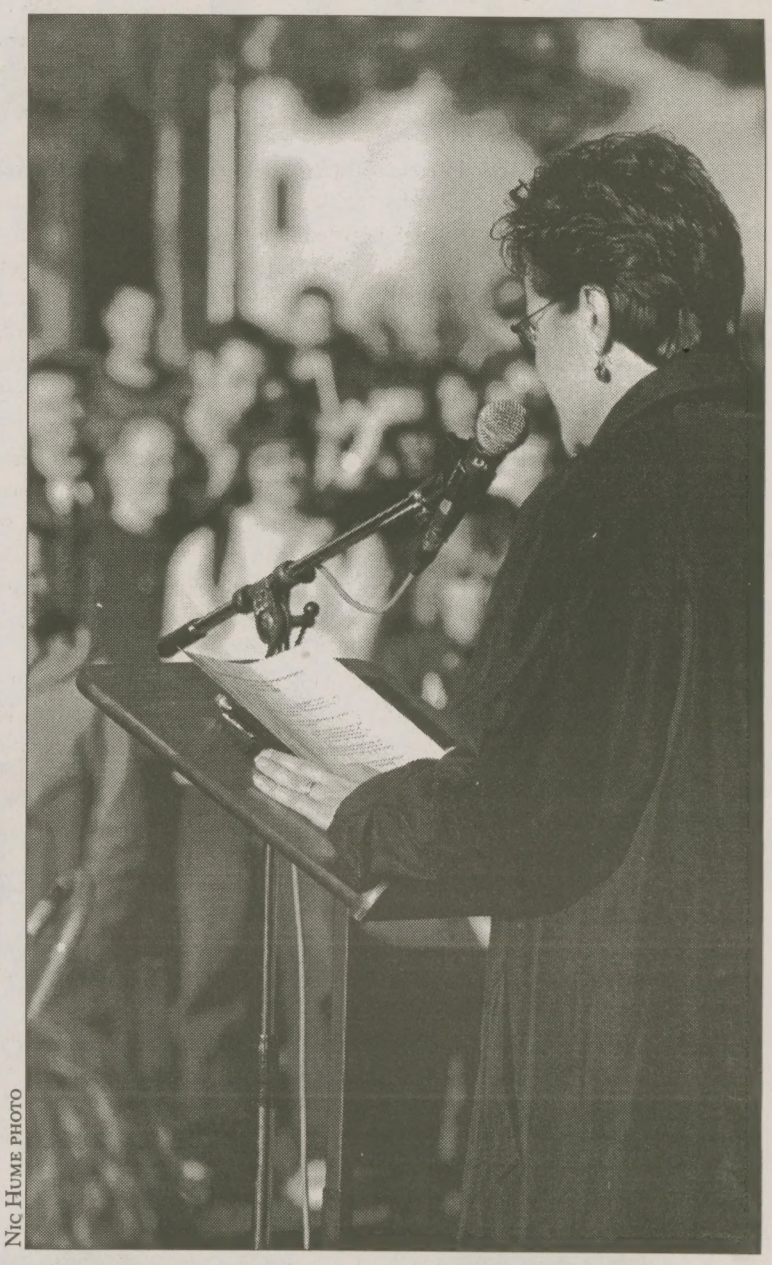
Bruce Kilpatrick, director of UVic Communications, said the university is intent on moving the negotiations forward. "The university is hoping for a quick resolution," he said. He also said that the university wants to increase financial support to TAs but must take government guidelines and the university's ability to pay into consideration.

The University of Victoria Student Society supports the TAs' demand for wage parity with their counterparts at other universities. Arnott says this support is important to the TAs, who would like graduate and undergraduate students to show a unified front.

He says that TAs are responsible for approximately one third of instruction at UVic. Arnott added that if TAs are able to secure a tuition decrease or freeze for grad students, it sets a precedent for undergrad students to fight for the same thing.

The strike vote is taking place Dec. 3, 4, 5 and 8. The results will be released Dec. 8.

Hundreds turn out for vigil



NIC HUME PHOTO

Valerie Kuehne, UVic Associate Vice-President in Planning, delivers an emotional closing at the Dec. 3 vigil in remembrance of the 14 women killed at the Montreal Massacre in 1989. The organizers' decision to hold the memorial while classes were still in session, rather than the traditional Dec. 6 may have contributed to the large and diverse turn out.

Romeo Dallaire launches Devil to sold-out crowd

BY TIM HANSON

In a sold-out Alix Goolden Hall on Nov. 30, retired -lieutenant-general Romeo Dallaire implored Canadians to examine the depth of their commitment to humanitarian peacekeeping efforts.

Dallaire was in town to promote his new book, *Shake Hands With the Devil.*

During his address, Dallaire questioned Western resolve in peacekeeping efforts. He criticized the allocation of troops to the former Yugoslavia, when in the first 100 days of the 1994 Rwandan conflict more people were killed, injured and displaced than in the entire Yugoslavian conflict.

"People were being slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands and the rationale we were given was that Rwanda is of no strategic value. Our soldiers were sent to former war allies, to countries with resources, to countries populated by white Europeans. All humans are human, but are some humans less human than others?"

Dallaire described the difficulty in revisiting the experiences of his tour of duty. "As commander of the operation, I felt like Jesus descending to hell after the crucifixion."

Dallaire's experiences were such that after working through the original 4,000 page manuscript Sian Cansfield, a Random House researcher assigned to Dallaire, became depressed and eventually committed suicide.

Though still coping with post-traumatic stress disorder, Dallaire was still felt positively about God, the Canadian military and the UN. "My priest asked me how after seeing what I'd seen how I could still believe in God. I told him I knew that God existed because in Rwanda, I shook hands with the devil."

When asked if Canadians should be committing their sons and daughters to future peacekeeping efforts, Dallaire was adamant. "Absolutely. We are living in a time where we are charged with the greatest missions possible. We are furthering philosophies of peace and philosophies of life. There is no higher mission."

In response to a question about setting up criteria for conflict intervention, rather than simply addressing conflict when member nations see fit to do so, Dallaire said that the UN has a chance to redeem itself. " The UN is establishing a protocol for the protection of child rights and a protocol for the reduction of small arms."

Dallaire dedicated his address and his book to those killed in Rwanda, civilian and peacekeeper alike. He ended his address by appealing to Canadians to support our soldiers, regardless of the cause they serve in, and to support and respect the families of the fallen.

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World AIDS Day: big deal?

by Zoë Bake-Paterson

World AIDS Day has come and gone. Once again the Dec. 1 day of recognition for one of the world's greatest pandemics has passed unnoticed on UVic campus.

"I totally thought it was in January," said Jude Coates, chair of the University of Victoria Students' Society. "As far as I'm concerned, [the Society of Students with Disabilities] were taking the lead of World AIDS Day… so I took it off my radar."

Coates is not the only one to let the day pass by. This year, recognition for World AIDS Day, in Victoria and abroad, was very low.

"HIV and AIDS have really fallen off the radar screen," said Jim Oliver, an educator for AIDS Vancouver Island (AVI). "It's not newsworthy anymore, which is quite sad because it's about 50 million people [that are infected]."

Oliver attributes this lack of awareness to advances in drugs that treat HIV/AIDS. "People think that calling AIDS a 'treatable illness' means that there is a cure."

The number of HIV/AIDS infections is still increasing rapidly. Last year ten people were infected with AIDS every minute, said United Nations secretary general Kofi Annan during a recent World AIDS Day speech. "Our resources are increasing, but the action is still far short of what is needed," he said.

"The epidemic continues its lethal march around the world, with few signs of slowing down," said Annan. "We cannot claim that competing challenges are more important, or more urgent. We must keep AIDS at the top of our political and practical agenda."

AIDS is not just an issue abroad. According to Oliver, it is also a significant problem for young adults in Canada.

"There is still a perception out there that gay men and IV-drug users are most at risk. Really, a third of infections out there are women, and at enormous risk [are]…Aboriginal women," said Oliver. "It's most prevalent now among women aged 16 to 24 or 25–there's a spike there."

In Canada, by June 2002 51,470 people had received positive HIV test results, Health Canada reported. Of those, 13,357 had died.

"For whatever stats we have in Canada, you can add about 30 per cent for those not tested, for the unknown cases," said Oliver.

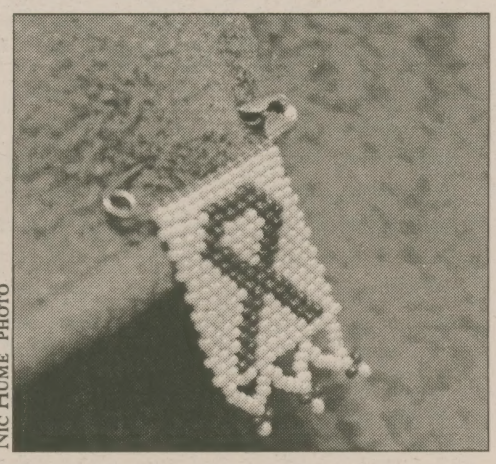
In December 2002, the Canadian HIV/AIDS Information Centre reported that there were 15,000 people infected in Canada who were not yet aware of it.

Oliver says that the key to fighting this trend among youth and young adults is education. While AVI currently works with many schools in the southern Vancouver Island area–doing over 400 school-based presentations a year–they have little interaction with post-secondary schools.

This is something they want to change, especially considering a recent Health Canada survey that reported six per cent of Canadians believe AIDS can be contracted through kissing, and that 20 per cent believe that, if treated early, AIDS can be cured.

Both AVI and the Victoria Persons With AIDS Society (PWA) say they are limited by a lack of resources. This may explain the minimal visibility of this World AIDS Day–aside from a vigil planned for the evening of Dec. 1, and the activities of the PWA society, who spent the past week passing out red ribbons on the downtown streets.

"We are the poorest AIDS agency in town, and we're the people living with AIDS," said Penny Bradford, a volunteer and former chair of the Victoria PWA. The society is almost completely volunteer-run and offers peer support to folks living with HIV/AIDS. It also has the best health and treatment library on the south Island, she said.



Nic Hume photo

Visible support for this year's World AIDS Day was lacking, especially at UVic.

Few alternatives to flu vaccine

by Sarah Petrescu

Canadians are flocking to get their flu shots as public officials warn of a hard-hitting influenza season this year. But for those skeptical of immunization, or looking for alternative methods of flu prevention, support is lacking.

"All healthy activities will help in preventing flu symptoms, but they are not a substitute for the flu vaccine," said Myrna Klein of the Saanich Health Unit.

Klein's message is the same as most health officials: get vaccinated.

Alex Dabrowski, public affairs officer at the B.C. Ministry of Health, said the province is preparing to issue nearly one million vaccines this flu season. The National Post recently reported a federal and provincial response plan to a possible influenza pandemic that includes building up massive stocks of anti-viral drugs and establishing "fever hospitals," similar to those seen during the Spanish Flu of 1918, an outbreak that claimed the lives of 30,000 Canadians and caused between 20-40 million deaths worldwide.

"You have to plan for the worst and hope for the best," said Dabrowski, of his government's flu-season preparedness.

This year's flu vaccine concoction is not tailored for the specific "A Fujian" strain that recently hit Canada. However, officials say getting it is still better than nothing. "We suspect that there will be significant cross-protection for other viruses," said Klein, "influenza immunization is aimed at decreasing symptoms and slowing rates of infection."

Because of the overwhelming drive to vaccinate, alternative flu-prevention methods have been scarcely discussed by health officials. Klein said this may be because immunization doesn't pose a health risk to many people. Those under six months or over 65 years of age, those with extremely weakened immune systems and those allergic to eggs (which the vaccines are cultured in) face the greatest risk.

Although the dead virus present in the vaccines is relatively safe, some are concerned about toxic preservatives in the vaccines such as mercury and formaldehyde. Skeptics point to the 1976 disaster in the United States, when 500 people were paralyzed and 30 died of Guillain-Barre syndrome linked to a flu vaccine.

"My biggest concern is the chemicals in vaccines," said Naturopath Dr. E. Pamela Hutchison. "Unnatural things being injected into us are dangerous when we don't know what they do to us–especially in the long term."

She said the naturopathic approach focuses on building up the immune system.

"A strengthened immune system can prevent symptoms of the flu, even if the virus is present," said Hutchison.

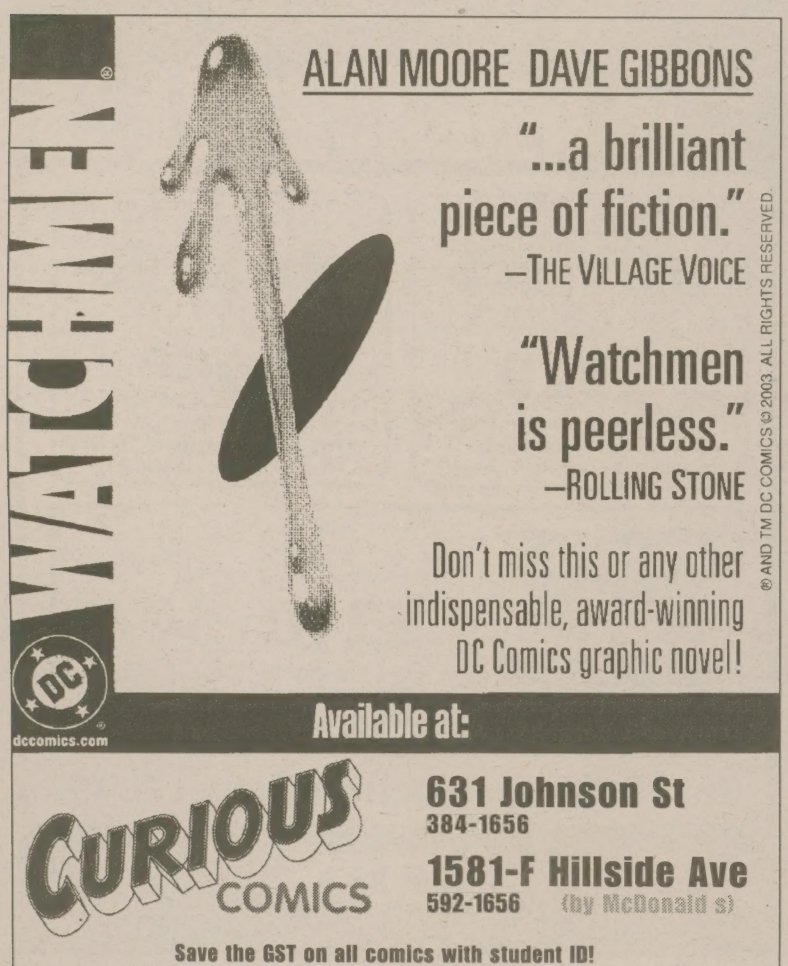
"From the naturopathic perspective we look at the difference between who gets sick and who doesn't at times like this–an overall healthy adult with a strong immune system is more likely to ward off the flu and the symptoms."

Sarah Petrescu graphic

B.C. health officials provide few alternatives to vaccination.

Hutchison suggests four safe and natural ways to prevent the flu for those not wanting or unable to get vaccinated, or for anyone who wants to boost their immune system during the winter to avoid colds and fatigue:

- Echinacea. This natural herb is best taken as a tincture before or at the very first signs of flu symptoms. It is less effective once the flu is established.
- Hydrotherapy. Hutchison recommends contrast showers, alternating between intervals of hot and cold water and ending with a cold blast, to increase white blood cells.
- Homeopathy. A natural immunization method, homeopathy stimulates the immune system. Hutchison suggests the remedies Thymuline in combination with Influenzium. Remedies are taken in sugar granules that dissolve in water or saliva. Seeing a homeopath practitioner for specific directions and remedies is most effective.
- Wash your hands. Both Hutchison and Klein say hand contact is the foremost cause of the spread of colds and the flu.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Got Recycling?

The following are excerpts from the IslandVeg.com Internet forum, found by entering "Martlet" into the Googlism.com search tool. The subject is the following photo cutline, published on September 18:

On September 11, 2003, *the Martlet* office was attacked by sticker-wielding vegans while the newspaper staff enjoyed a much-deserved pub lunch in the Grad Lounge. The stickers, distributed in last week's paper as an advertisement for the B.C. Dairy Foundation, were found on computer monitors, furniture, doors, and ceilings with slogans like, "got diabetes," "got sperm," and "got morals." *Martlet* Editor-in-Chief John Thompson, above, was eating a chicken caesar salad at the time of the incident, and ate four pieces of fish and chips the next week, unrepentant.

Vorshlumpf – 09/20/2003
Is John trying to get back at these vegans by saying he cares not about the lives of other creatures? Perhaps the best thing to do is to ignore it, since *the Martlet* is a pretty weak paper, anyway.

Dave – 09/20/2003
Not very cool at all. I'm gonna try and throw something together on this… Apparently there are still more stickers out there… and flour and water are cheap.

tmurdock – 09/21/2003
While I understand *the Martlet*'s frustration with non-consensual stickering of their office, I am disturbed that the tone of the reporting serves to mock vegans as though we are all sticker-wielding freaks. Also, it sounds as though *Martlet* staff took out their frustration at the stickering by eating a chicken–is this to imply that it was chickens who took over the office with stickers and it's vegan chickens that *the Martlet* strives to discredit?

Vorshlumpf – 09/21/2003
Perhaps a fake letter expressing condolences and agreeing upon inherent nature of all vegans to be human-hating, sticker-wielding, hemp clothes-wearing extremists. We could even compare 'them' to people who resisted slavery in the south of the US in the past ("And look where that's gotten us…").

Brian – 09/23/2003
It will be very hard to say anything at this point that *the Martlet* cannot turn around and use to mock veganism. The stickering ticked them off, made them defensive, and now good luck getting objectivity out of them. Anyone who proclaims himself "Editor-in-Chief" of a student newspaper has ego issues.

Meredith – 09/24/2003
Oh oh oh! I had another huge idea this morning. It's a weekly paper, right? While we still have time–why don't we take all *the Martlet*s we can find, and recycle them???
That way, *the Martlet* got to vent a bit, but not as many people get to read it.

Dave
09/24/2003
That's pretty wasteful…

Buy Nothing Day attracts monster following

by John Thompson

John Thompson photo

Ronnie Moore kisses the Consumer Monster created by UVic student Jeremy Lutter and his partner-in-crime, Adar Harlson.

It was probably the furry yellow glove that gave him away.

"Step outside, please," the security guard says to Jeremy Lutter, a fourth-year writing student who loiters near the front entrance to the Bay shopping centre. Lutter wears a leather coat and holds a purple duffel bag that conceals the rest of his costume.

"There's two gentlemen here with the shopping spree," the guard says into his radio mouthpiece, creating confusion on the other end.

"One of them says he's with the media."

"No, we're talking about the no shopping thing."

Without a word, Lutter steps outside into the heavy rainfall.

For the past decade, Nov. 28 has been Buy Nothing Day–a global event started by *Adbusters* magazine to draw attention to the environmental consequences of overconsumption. Lutter's contribution for the last two years is the Consumer Monster puppet he's built, an obvious knock-off from a well-known *Sesame Street* character, along with pamphlets for the uninitiated. He walks down a side street, passing a side entrance where another guard stands outside.

"They were friendly last year," Lutter says.

He meets Adar Harlson on the corner, who has a similar puppet. Once in character, they head back up the street, squawking "Happy Buy Nothing Day!" to passersby. Most laugh and smile.

"You don't get out much," one tells Harlson.

Back at UVic, members of Food Not Bombs serve free bagels with peanut butter and jam outside the Student Union Building.

Inside, no student directors admit to buying anything. Director of Services Scott Payne says he packed in two hard-boiled eggs and toast for breakfast. Finance Director Joanna Groves is spied ordering tea from the coffee bar, but she doesn't pay: a perk of her job.

As the day continues, Lutter pays visits to Market Square, the New VI and Walmart. Although he had a few good conversations with shoppers at the last location, and wasn't pestered by security, he says his best experiences were with theatre students inside the Phoenix theatre on campus that morning.

"We got them singing, 'C is for consuming,' " he says. "Nobody wants to stand out in the rain to sing."

Lutter adds that the event is misunderstood by those who take its name literally. He says the day is less about buying nothing than raising awareness about the environmental and labour practices of large multinational chains.

He suggests buying something worthwhile, like a massage, fair-trade coffee or local produce, instead. As for criticism by some that the event has been overdone, Lutter says he isn't worried.

"I mean, Christmas has been going on for so long," he says. "It's not going away."

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Sleep deprivation leads to sickness, depression

by Andrea Spina

As the semester ends and finals begin, students are working more and sleeping less.

Most studies recommend eight hours of sleep as a healthy amount, meaning students are racking up huge sleep deficits this time of year.

UVic student Chelsea Henschel averaged 4.5 hours of sleep per night because of a full schedule which forced her to begin her homework at 10 p.m. almost every evening. "I made myself stay up late just to finish my homework," she said.

As a result Henschel, fell sick and became mentally exhausted.

Henschel's story is not unique among student populations. Dr. William Dyson, director of UVic Health Services, points out that some of these problems stem from student living environments that are "not always conducive to sleep."

According to Dr. Dyson and Health Services head nurse Donna Denman, it is important when students plan their course and work schedule to also account for socializing. She adds students should also realize they need to plan time for being sick.

Chronic insomnia can lead to psychiatric side effects including depression, anxiety and paranoia. "Depression is the most serious and most common illness resulting from sleep deprivation. Anxiety attacks may become frequent occurrences and paranoid thoughts include believing things are worse than they actually are or that people are against that individual," said Dyson.

But insomnia does not always show itself in such extreme forms. Students may simply find themselves suffering from an extended cold or having difficulty concentrating in class.

Some students are self-medicating to ward off sleeping disorders but according to Dr. Dyson, this is not the best method to cure insomnia.

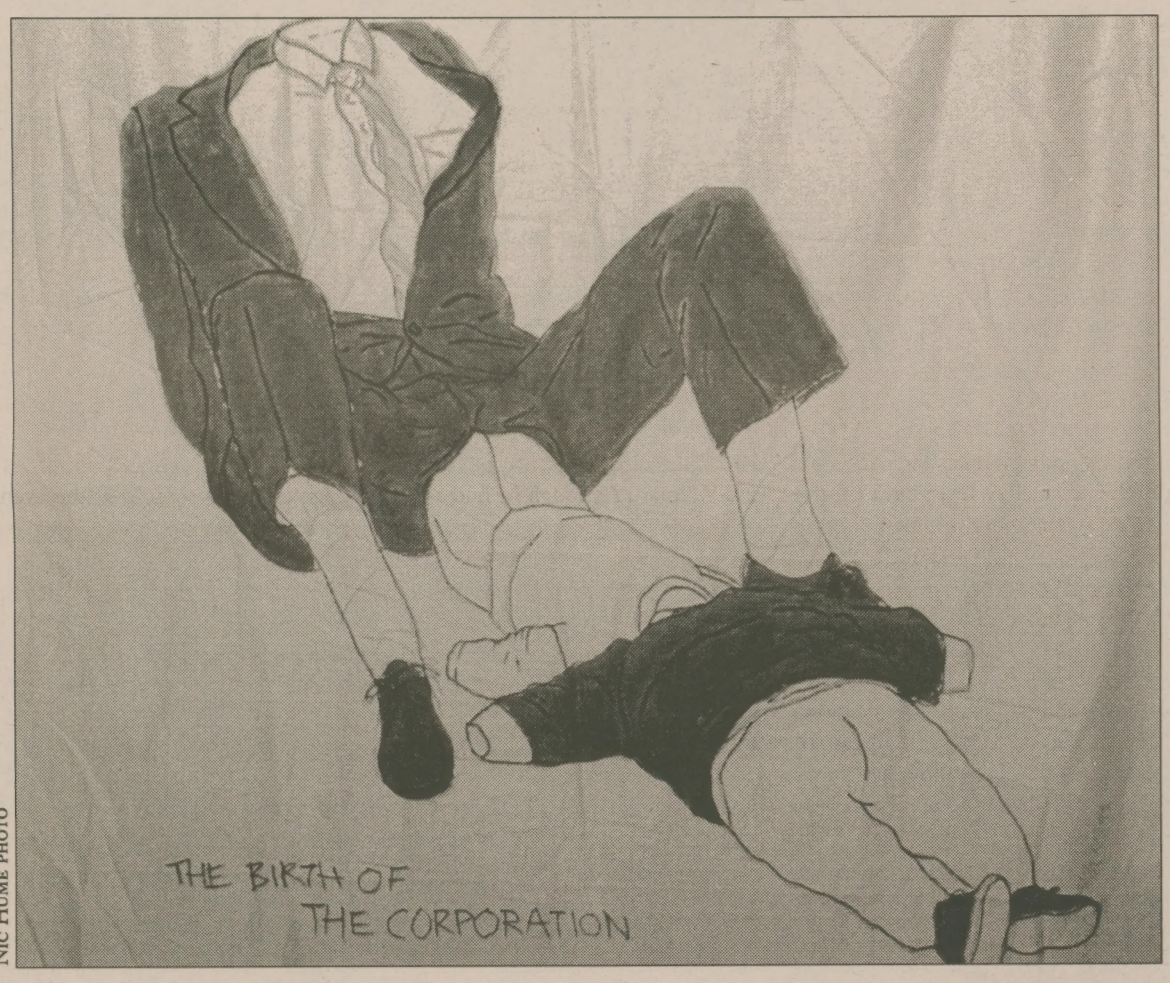
"Sometimes one good night of sleep can correct a sleeping disturbance, and in that case a doctor may prescribe a mild relaxant, but the best solution lays in sorting out your lifestyle," said Dyson.

Another short-term method of relief is massage therapy, which is becoming more popular because it produces relaxation without medication.

Danielle Pelletier photo

A sleeping disturbance is best cured with a good night's sleep, not self-medication, according to UVic Health Services.

Art removal stirs suspicions of censorship



Nic Hume photo

Albo Jeavon's "Birth of the Corporation" was removed from the Maltwood Gallery for an appearance by federal Environment Minister David Anderson, raising censorship suspicions.

by Bryna Hallam

A decision to remove a painting from UVic's Maltwood Gallery on Friday, Nov. 28 raised questions over censorship.

The piece, Albo Jeavon's "Birth of the Corporation," was removed during an announcement made by Environment Minister and local Member of Parliament David Anderson.

The painting was part of Drawing Resistance, a traveling political art show. The show speaks to a number of issues, including the anti-globalization movement, working class rights and corporate control. The piece shows a headless body in a suit giving birth to smaller bodies.

Cathleen Thom, an employee of the gallery, believes the decision to remove the piece was politically motivated. "The Maltwood was censored," she said. "As a human being, I am not impressed."

Patty Pitts of UVic communications said the piece was taken down because the caterers wanted to set a food table up in front of it. The piece was not behind glass, and they didn't want to get food or drink on it.

She believes the gallery made the decision.

Martin Segger is director of the Maltwood. Although he wasn't present at the time, he says that he has no problem with the fact that the piece was taken down, whether it was due to the food or to someone finding it offensive.

"If the piece could have been compromised by food, it's normal to take it down," Segger said.

As for the question of censorship, for Segger the key is that the gallery wasn't being used as a gallery when Anderson was there.

"When we exhibit, people have the option to come in or not," said Segger.

That option does not exist if the gallery is being used as a general public space as it was on Friday during Anderson's announcement.

As a result, organizers would have had the right to remove any piece they wanted for the time they were there.

"I wouldn't have a problem with it," said Segger. "I would have a problem if the gallery were being used as an exhibition and someone asked me to take down a piece."

It s 3 a.m and home from the bar finds you hazy. There, in the distance, your half-sight tells you the Premier is stumbling with one arm around his young communications director, the other on a bottle of empty Dom. The world should know, you think. But they never will, because, unfortunately, you don t write news for *the Martlet*.

***Avert that fate. Come down to SUB B011 and write news for* the Martlet.**

Permaculture comes to UVic

Sprouts, tomatoes and carrots, oh my!

by Noah Ross

Dawn breaks to the sound of a rooster crowing. Stretching your arms, your gaze takes in a bushel of onion sprouts growing on the bedside table. Through the window, you see a goat grazing on your neighbour's grassy roof overlooking a large compost bin and rows of carrots, tomatoes, basil and cilantro growing on your shared former lawn.

This scenario may seem far-fetched, but it is the dream behind the Urban Agricultural Committee (UAC) and a growing number of like-minded local groups intent on making Victoria live up to the name "city of gardens" by promoting agriculture in the urban environment.

"The Urban Agriculture Committee's goal is to raise awareness of local food opportunities, acting as an on-campus hub to create skills and knowledge for novice farmers," says Jessica Boquist, a Urban Agriculture Committee (UAC) organizer. She speaks of the need to drastically improve Vancouver Island's "abysmal food security, placing Vancouver Island in a situation where we import over 90 per cent of our food from off the island."

In an attempt to highlight these issues, the UAC co-sponsored a talk on Nov. 20 entitled "Common Ground" that focused on ecological farming and the shared issues facing small-scale farmers in Canada and India as they move to sustainable farming.

Speaking at the event was Gregoire Lamoureux, who owns and operates Spiral Farm in Winlaw, B.C. and is one of Canada's foremost proponents of permaculture, which he describes as "a sustainable ecological agricultural design system that integrates human aspects into the habitat, looking at the whole picture so people can sustain themselves where they are." Permaculture originated in Australia in the early 1980s but has spread to Europe and North America.

"Permaculture looks to maximize the space and resources available in an area," said Gregoire, "It is a series of principles and techniques that can be applied on a small scale, in balconies and backyards in an urban environment, on small farms and also in large-scale regional operations."

"By building agricultural skills and awareness we can facilitate local food production and consumption, which has endlessly positive social and environmental ramifications," said Boquist.

In urban Victoria, this means recycling, energy efficient buildings and support for renewable energy sources as well as backyard chicken coops, fruit trees, composts and gardens

The UAC is part of a cluster of Victoria-area groups, including the Compost Education Centre and LifeCycles, that are dedicated to cultivating agricultural sustainability in urban Victoria.

LifeCycles is a large, well-established group that offers a hugely successful program called Home Grown, in which volunteers build organic gardens in backyards and balconies for families on financial assistance.

The urban agriculture movement is growing worldwide due to the stability of locally-produced goods and increased awareness about the hazards of our global production economy.

Nic Hume photo

Tamara Bonne Maison holds worm castings, also known as Black Gold, which are "about the best thing you can put on your garden for your plants," she said.

Victoria sewage system stinks, say critics

by Kate Thompson

To Victoria newcomer Ramona Doyle, finding out that the core of the city's Capital Regional District (CRD) does not treat its sewage came as a shock.

"You hear so much about Victoria being this progressive, environmentally responsible city," said Doyle, who moved in September from Prince Edward Island to pursue a degree at the University of Victoria. "You'd think that for a city that prides itself on its natural beauty and environmental awareness it would be somewhat more concerned about dumping raw sewage into the ocean."

According to David Cubberly, the Chair of the Environmental Committee for the CRD, untreated sewage is not a problem for the core area because of the unique nature of the spots where it is released. The outfalls at Clover and Macaulay Points are in the middle of a very strong current that dilutes the raw liquid sewage with seawater almost immediately. Every day, about 10-12,000 cubic metres of raw liquid waste is released and diluted at the outfalls, and then travels east or west, parallel to the shore.

Still, some scientists and environmentalists warn of the potential dangers of failing to treat our liquid waste. Dr. Edward Ishiguro is a professor of biochemistry and microbiology at UVic. He is an expert on the subject and has been involved in the movement for waste treatment for many years. He believes that failing to treat sewage in any case is "uncivilized."

One of his concerns is the possibility of disease being spread. Untreated sewage contains an extremely high concentration of bacteria and viruses. "I maintain that there is no proof that raw sewage will be broken down," said Dr. Ishiguro. "The water around here is very cold and it is cold 12 months of the year. Metabolism is temperature dependent, and at the present time I have no knowledge of any bacteria that can break down the waste in such cold temperatures." The substance that Dr. Ishiguro calls a highly contaminated potential threat, the CRD calls "relatively harmless" and "organic."

Sewage treatment is a complicated and expensive process. The screens that the CRD sewage is put through filter anything thicker than six millimetres, which is not fine enough to be classified as primary treatment. Dr. Ishiguro also offers the unpleasant insight that those screens do not stop fecal matter from entering the ocean, as some might think. Apparently the water pressure behind the sewage is enough to break down these so-called solids and push them out with the wastewater.

All three levels of treatment require a place to dispose of the leftover "sludge," which is the nutrient-rich and mainly bacteria and virus free product of sewage treatment. Often it is spread on the land as a fertilizer, but there are concerns about that as well. Heavy metals and residue from pharmaceuticals can leach into the soil from the sludge.

So, how do the sewage management practices of the core area compare with those of surrounding municipalities?

The core area, which includes some of the most populated areas in the region such as Victoria, Colwood and Esquimalt, is the only group of municipalities in the CRD currently without a sewage treatment plan. Neighbours such as North Saanich and Sidney have secondary treatment plants to send their sewage to, while smaller communities tend to rely on septic field systems.

As sure as the CRD is that raw sewage doesn't negatively impact the environment, there are many who feel that if there were more public interest in the issue maybe the core area would begin to treat its sewage. "People put stuff in their toilet and flush it down and just assume it goes away," says Doyle.

"They don't think about where 'away' is."

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News briefs

Fight the man! Eat soup

The UVic Students' Society held a soup kitchen Tuesday, Dec. 2, to help the exam-fried brains and empty wallets of students.

The event lured hundreds of students into the Michèle Pujol room for free soup and bread.

"It's pretty clear that students are having a hard time," said Students' Society Chair Jude Coates. "Food bank usership has increased dramatically–about three times from a year and a half ago."

The UVSS also used the event to inform students about the upcoming Feb. 4 "Day of Action," a nation-wide protest against rising tuition fees.

"Students are telling us that the number one reason they are using resources like the food bank is increased tuition fees."

Coates is hoping to hold more soup kitchens in the future. "There's an obvious need." she said. "We want to bring students together so that we can all share the financial burdens being imposed upon us." *–P.W.*

First Nations activists return from Interfor-bashing trip in Japan

First Nations activists returned to Tofino from a trip to Japan Dec. 1, where they were trying to convince Japanese companies to stop purchasing wood harvested by Interfor.

The activists told corporate customers of Interfor that the forestry company engages in unethical clearcutting of B.C.'s temperate rainforest on First Nations land.

"Interfor is damaging the environment and violating our First Nations rights to practice our culture," said Gisele Martin, a member of the First Nations delegation.

Several Japanese companies will be pursuing the issue and Japan's Ministry of Forests has contacted the Canadian Embassy regarding Interfor. *–P.W.*

Hard times for B.C. kids

In early December, the BC Liberals will put in place regulations filling in the details of Bill 37, legislation passed in October that reduces the age of children eligible for full-time work from 15 to 12 years of age.

"The proposed changes dishonour Canada," said labour expert and UBC professor Mark Thompson. "Since the 1990s, this country has been an international leader in efforts to ban child labour in less-developed regions of the world."

Maybe a full-time paycheque is what the Liberals meant when they promised "Better services for children" in their "New Era" election platform.

Good luck to the kiddies in finding work. The Royal Bank says our province has the fewest jobs available, per capita, in the country. *–P.W.*

Campus Security cuts parking tickets for Christmas

Campus Security will be reducing parking fines by five dollars for anybody bringing in a non-perishable donation along with money for their fine. The reduction offer lasts until Dec. 19.

"It's our pre-Christmas gift to the campus," said traffic security officer Jay Bowles. *–P.W.*

Campbell disagrees with CN over BC Rail partnership

CN and Gordon Campbell don't agree on whether the sale of BC Rail to CN will create or eliminate jobs.

A CN press release says it "will require a workforce of 950." BC Rail currently employs 1,380 people, leaving about 430 people out of work.

Statements from the Premier seem to contradict this statement. In a government press release he states that the privatization deal will provide "new jobs and resources for economic development in the North." *–P.W.*

Getting off on a good foot

UVic's Interfaith Social Justice group is trying to make sure homeless people stay warm this holiday. The Sock Drop campaign is aimed at collecting new and used (good condition) socks to be donated to the Street Outreach Society. Socks and other clothing items can be dropped off at the Interfaith Chaplaincy and the UVic Students' Society until Friday Dec. 19. *–S.P.*

Students' Society posts $82,402 surplus

by Tim Hanson

For the first time since 2000, the University of Victoria Students' Society (UVSS) is posting a budget surplus, of $82,402.

"Our surplus is a result of cutting costs and increased revenues. Most notably Felicita's ran a deficit of almost $10,000 last year and this year it posted a profit of over $90,000," said Students' Society General Manager Marne Jensen.

While a surplus of that amount might seem large, Jensen contrasted it to the near $1,000,000 debt that the UVSS has accumulated, something she chalks up to previous mismanagement. "My predecessor wasn't exactly watching the chicken coop," she said.

Former SUB General Manager Doug Ausman was fired for not properly dealing with Vivek Sharma, the former SUB business manager allegedly responsible for appropriating around $30,000 from the UVSS.

"We were undertaking a lot of things at a time when we didn't have a lot of money" said Jensen.

New business ventures, previous renovations and the Sharma fiasco all added to the nearly $1,000,000 debt.

"The best we can hope for is to post a surplus of approximately $100,000 a year. Beyond that, the cost of services rises higher than the average student can reasonably afford. A debt of this magnitude will take 10 years to pay off," said Jensen.

Dale Robertson, current business manager for the SUB, described how he coped with budget restrictions: "We were running on a tight budget and that required tight scheduling. We went to the individual businesses and asked them 'What is your dream schedule?' From there we worked out what was reasonable, in terms of budget constraints versus operational needs. While there was one permanent staff layoff over the summer, most businesses reduced their labour hours to cope with budget reductions."

While reductions fell on a number of SUB businesses, Food Services took the brunt of the budget constraints.

Brad Mielke, SUB Food Services manager, said his job has changed drastically since the debt crunch. "I am charged with employing as many students as I can, while still providing a cheaper alternative to campus food services. But now I've had to make changes to keep these services viable and affordable for students. I currently employ half as many students as I did two years ago." said Mielke.

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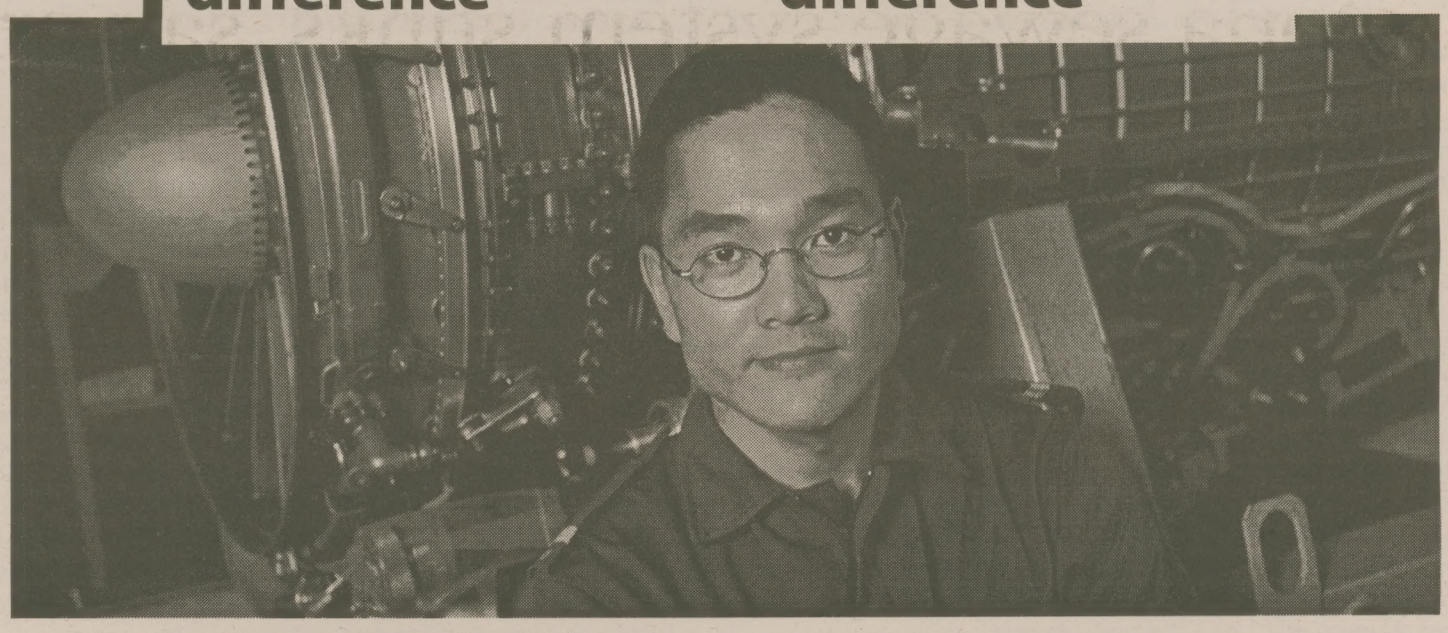

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EDITORIAL

AIDS spreads, awareness fades

Six per cent of Canadians believe that HIV/AIDS can be passed through kissing, according to a recent Ipsos-Reid poll done for Health Canada. Even if statistics can easily be misconstrued (50 per cent of all statistics are bullshit) this is just one indication that in this highly educated country, a lot of people know very little about HIV/AIDS.

What we tend to know about AIDS is numbers: the number of deaths (three million in 2003), the number of those infected (between 40 and 42 million people in the world) and the percentage of the population in fill-in-the-blank African country that has been infected by the virus.

Canadians like to believe AIDS can't harm us, an idea perpetuated by the media's emphasis on the epidemic spreading through many parts of Africa and Asia. It happens over there, in foreign countries. It's them, not us, who get infected. Coverage seems limited to drug-related medicinal reports, African AIDS-related features and some token gestures that are downright bizarre. For instance, on December 1, the hosts of the ABC daytime talk show The View gave everyone in their studio audience MAC cosmetics, "in recognition of World AIDS Day."

What's overlooked is that the number of Canadians with AIDS continues to grow. Considering this is a highly preventable disease, it is hard to understand why.

We have the education. Most young Canadians learn about safe sex at an early age–beginning in grade five for some. Yet women today between the ages of 18–25 are one of the biggest groups being infected in Canada. Obviously something is not getting through.

Most people seem adamant that safe sex is important, in theory. In practice, well, it's easier to laugh off safety when there's the passion of the moment, alcohol or a long-term commitment involved.

Pharmaceutical advertising doesn't help. The healthy, smiling faces that accompany ads for AIDS cocktail drugs, found mainly in magazines geared toward queer audiences, disguise a sobering reality: if you get HIV, you will die. Drugs prolong the lives of HIV-positive people and allow them to stay healthy for longer, but at present there is no cure.

In the majority of situations, AIDS is preventable. Perhaps that's why no one talks about it. AIDS is still stigmatized as being "someone's fault." Well yes, AIDS happens from making choices, risky choices. If you have had sex, you are at risk of getting HIV/AIDS. If you have had lots of sex, you are even more at risk. If you have had unprotected sex with multiple partners, well, you're playing with fire. HIV/AIDS is not biased in choosing its victims. Anyone can get it.

Awareness seems to have dimmed over the last few years. Five years ago, red ribbons adorned the jacket lapels of many students on campus in December. The Munchie bar offered red ribbons for a small donation–similar to what they did for Remembrance Day poppies this year.

Three million people died from AIDS in 2003. That is equivalent to every person in Alberta dying in the course of one year. Every single one of those people came from diverse walks of life. They were students, well-dressed professionals, IV-drug users. Parents, children, a co-worker. A family member.

By the end of 2003, five million people will be newly infected. More than half of these cases will be under 25 years old. Since the HIV/AIDS epidemic began, 22 million people have died. At present, 40 million people are on the waiting list to die from it. How many more need to die before we finally get it through our thick skulls that we are not invincible?

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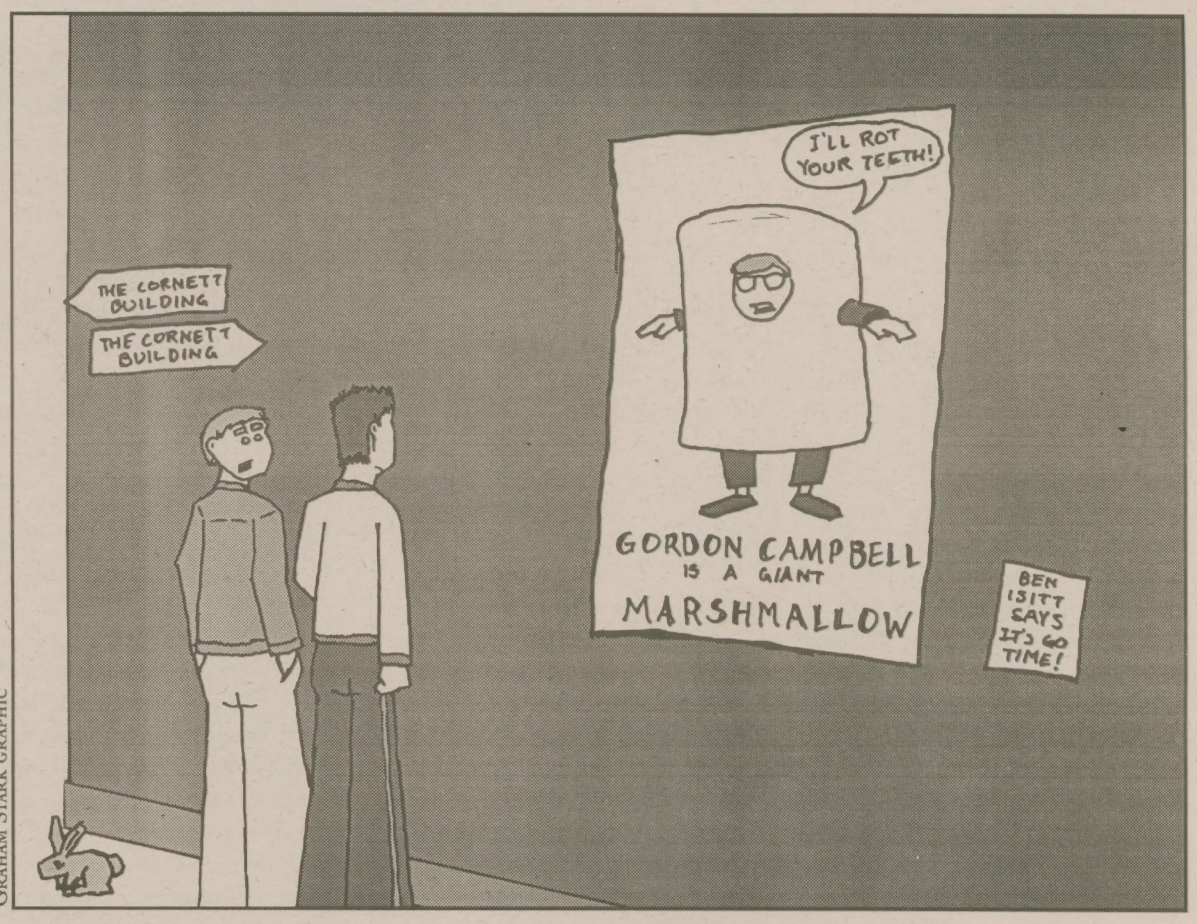
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BEN ISITT SAYS IT'S GO TIME!

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

"They've done the Grinch... they've done Ebenezer Scrooge... they've worked down the list. Really, this is the scariest thing they have left."

LETTERS

Andersen allegation

I was reading the article about professor Andersen who was cleared of the allegations of racism, and I wondered if he was cleared, why would he be the one to consult with the Office of Anti-Discrimination, wouldn't it be the students who brought forth the frivolous allegations of racism who should attend instead?

What about academic freedom since the professor prefaced his foray into sensitive subjects by saying that since they were political scientists, it was necessary to leave prejudices aside?

How can anyone in the political science field look at things scientifically without some academic freedom to look at them?

There is also the assurance in our Charter of the Rights and Freedoms.

There is no education if one has to be muzzled.

Also when falsehood lays siege, a person has every right to ask for some supportive reference in order to balance the wrongful accusations. It would be another thing if those supportive references were not there, but in this case, it seems they were more than there.

Leanne Jones

'Skidly' remark retracted

Dear *Martlet* readers,

When I said Vernon is a town "pretty much made up of skidly looking people," I was joking. I love the town of Vernon, and I said the joke to a friend who knew I was being completely sarcastic. I was surprised to see the statement under the News section as it was total nonsense. In no way do I believe Vernon is "skidly," nor do I believe there are reams of homeless people in Polson Park. If my words have offended anyone then I am sorry.

I also disagree with Troy Sebastian's response to the article as I don't think *the Martlet* editorial staff (except for Richard Warnica) are "skidly" either. As for Tom and Will, I applaud them on their sustainable lifestyle.

Neil Robb

Land Law in Israel

In the Nov. 20 issue of *the Martlet*, an article entitled "The Reality of Arab Right in Israel" by Kevin Neish was published in reaction to the recent visit of Ishmael Khaldi.

Khaldi is an Arab-Israeli who came to speak on the topic of Israeli multiculturalism.

The main purpose of Neish's article was to dismiss the validity of Khaldi's claim that Israeli-Arabs are well treated and specifically the claim that Arabs have the right to own land in Israel. Neish's charge that Khaldi owns property likely only as a favour from the Israeli government is absurd and does not accurately represent current Israeli land policy.

Currently in Israel the land situation is as follows: 80.4 per cent of the land is owned by the government, 13.1 per cent of the land is privately owned by the Jewish National Fund (JNF) and 6.5 per cent is privately owned by both Jews and Arabs. Lands owned by the JNF and the Israeli government fall under the jurisdiction of the Israel Land Administration (ILA) and is not sold, but leased on either a short term or long-term basis. Thus it is true that over 80 per cent of Israeli land cannot be sold to Israeli-Arabs; neither can it be sold to Israeli Jews. The land owned by the government is available both in theory and in practice for lease to both Jews and Israeli-Arabs alike.

The 13.1 per cent of land owned by the JNF was bought privately, before the creation of the State of Israel and although technically according to its charter the land is to be used solely for the purpose of Jewish occupancy, in practice this land is often leased to Israeli-Arabs as well.

I object to Neish's deliberate attempt to mislead *Martlet* readers regarding Israeli land rights and his harsh accusations against Khaldi. Perhaps if Neish would have taken the time to attend the presentation himself he would better understand Khaldi's perspective. Based on the facts, I urge all *Martlet* readers to decide who the real propagandist is. To find more information on Israel's land policy, www.israel.org is an excellent source.

R. Brandt
Executive Vice President,
Jewish Students Association

Fight and flight–or ass-sitting

I'm writing in response to the article you ran in the Nov. 20 issue entitled "The Sheer Humanity of Ed Baskerville."

The writer/boxer states that fight or flight responses to conflict are a basic element of the human character cannot be disputed; however, his conclusion that this characteristic (one we share with everything from the amoeba upwards) defines us as a species is an erroneous one. By way of comparison–a giraffe is a quadruped, but this is not its defining characteristic.

Humanity owes its development, its very evolution, not to the acceptance of confrontation, but to its avoidance. Our propensity for the development of tools is fueled by a preference for the avoidance of conflict. From the spear to the Internet we have put space between ourselves and danger.

Distance allows for the abstraction and conceptualization of objects. These in turn have made possible the development of language–the truly defining feature of our species.

"Sitting on your ass," as Mr. Baskerville points out, is safe. It is also a luxury won through millennia of ingenuity. I personally have a large ass, nurtured and cultivated over years of sedentary living. I'm proud of my ass, and raise it as a monument to the success of my ancestors, and my own success as a human being.

Andrew Cienski

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Santa's reign of terror must end

'A swindler, an enemy of the downtrodden, an abuser of animals and a womanizer'

BY NORMAN ED BASKERVILLE

Someone who gives you a present and says they don't want anything in return always has an ulterior motive. Don't trust them.

Hence, the red-suited man with the belly like a bowlful of jelly and a long white beard that conceals his identity must be viewed with the utmost suspicion.

Yes, for those of you thinking this rant is a ruse, I do indeed believe Santa Claus exists–I just don't believe in what he *does*.

Mr. Claus is a public relations and marketing genius. His familiar, rotund form graces hundreds of products and services, and he would have us think that it's all in the spirit of Christmas. Yet every winter he rakes in millions from endorsements. All the while, his North Pole based toy manufacturing industry also benefits from his long established public trust.

By hyping and whoring Christmas commercialism, he is conditioning our children to be lazy, greedy little capitalist consumers.

But don't let his exploitation of our culture's fascination with celebrity fool you–Mr. Claus is still an old-world thinker. It is in his best interest to maintain the status quo. His bias against the poor is clear: ever notice that Santa says he'll only give presents to the nice boys and girls and not the naughty ones, but, in actuality, the only children excluded from his "charity" are those from low income families?

The rosy cheeked Saint refuses to change with the times.

Defying those who've worked hard to overcome gender-role stereotyping, Santa continues to give dolls and Easy-Bake ovens to girls, while giving toy guns and footballs to boys.

Even more disturbing, Mr. Claus claims that it is not cruel and unethical to use flying reindeer, an endangered species, as beasts of burden.

Furthermore, he has shown himself to have an utter disregard for the sanctity of marriage. How many traumatized children have seen mommy kissing Santa Claus? And how many have seen him do things to their mothers which are too lecherous to sing about?

A swindler, an enemy of the downtrodden, an abuser of animals and a womanizer–Mr. Claus must be stopped. He cannot be permitted to give presents of any kind to anybody. It will only be after we, as a collective society, resist our desire to receive gifts that we will be free of his reign of terror.

Merry Christmas Mr. Santa Claus, and to all a good night.

Isitt defends NPD

The previous NDP government had flaws, but the Liberals are flawed

BY BEN ISITT

As a former news editor of *the Martlet*, I was disappointed with last week's article on the NDP convention, "New NDP leader must stop knitters."

The cynical tone does a disservice to those who are searching for an alternative to the Campbell era.

I was at the NDP convention. It was by no means perfect. But political organizations aren't perfect. What differentiates the NDP from other political parties is its historic connection to the socialist movement in Canada, and its concrete achievements over four decades in establishing social programs to redistribute wealth. Gordon Campbell's present actions would not look so bad if it weren't for the hard work and concrete accomplishments of generations of NDPers.

I was disappointed to see *the Martlet* parrot the criticisms of the corporate press–give me a break. Fast ferries? Rather than allow B.C.'s shipbuilding industry to die, the NDP re-trained shipyard workers in high-tech aluminum welding, and these workers are now earning millions in profits for the private sector. The fast ferries were attacked because the rich did not like the idea of a publicly owned shipbuilding company.

Let's look at another "scandal." Glen Clark was maligned in the pro-Campbell media (and had his home raided by a Liberal RCMP sergeant) when his neighbour allegedly built him a deck worth $10,000. He was later exonerated by the courts.

Gordon Campbell, meanwhile, is selling off BC Rail, BC Ferries, BC Hydro and our Crown forests, transferring billions of dollars in public assets to for-profit corporations. Wages in the health-care sector are being cut from $18 per hour to $8 per hour. Free collective bargaining no longer exists in B.C. The actions of the Liberal government are of an entirely different order than the flaws of the previous NDP government.

Ujjal Dosanjh reduced tuition fees at B.C.'s colleges and universities by five per cent. Gordon Campbell deregulated fees, empowering short-sighted university administrators to double tuition barriers to education. Poor people can no longer afford to send their kids to university. The NDP implemented a universal child-care program. The Liberals have changed child-labour laws to force children as young as 12 into the workforce.

The cynics at *the Martlet* need to get off their butts and join the movement to overturn the Campbell government. It is the mandate of this newspaper to be "an agent of constructive social change." Get rid of the stupid cartoons mocking the Feb. 4 tuition rally and help mobilize students. The future of British Columbia is at stake. Non-participation is the mark of cowards, or those too privileged or ignorant to care.

What's going on right now is no joke. Dozens of poor and disabled people have committed suicide due to the cuts. When 30,000 people are thrown off welfare in April, this crisis will be magnified many times over. We have an ethical responsibility to act.

I would like to see New Democrats and Green Party supporters cooperate in the next election. But if this does not materialize, I intend to do everything in my power to ensure there is an NDP government in the legislature in May 2005.

Fear and loathing in essay citation

'I've heard that it's remarkably easy to bullshit your bibliography'

BY FORD WALKER

It's paper-writing time again, and part of that painful process is writing a bibliography, the worst part of writing any essay.

It entails a ridiculous amount of work on the side of the writer, and when you inevitably fuck up, you have committed the eighth deadly sin–plagiarism.

Citing source material has made the relatively simple procedure of writing a paper into an agonizing process. You must cover your tracks and make sure the dark and horrible cheater that lies deep within your soul hasn't crept out.

Of course, plagiarism is a bad thing, but it seems not nearly as bad as being forced to write horribly lengthy bibliographies.

At least when I go to finish my history paper at four o'clock in the morning, not having slept for 42 hours, and strung-out on caffeine, I can use the same referencing style I used in for my philosophy paper, right? More often than not, I can't.

It seems every faculty has a different style. Is this a conspiracy perpetuated by the professors of differing faculties to create a market for the monopoly ownership they have on anti-anxiety medication?

Now, it seems obvious that the best way to avoid all this is to cheat. Of course I have never used this process myself, but I've heard that it's remarkably easy to bullshit your bibliography without getting caught. Simply cite an incorrect page number, a fake book or a non-existent publisher, and your dishonesty will go unnoticed.

While instances of plagiarism might seem like a minor transgression, it does two things: It completely undermines the entire referencing process and proves that professors just don't have enough time and resources to catch cheaters.

This proves the failings of the current citing process, and so it must get tougher yet again. When it is difficult to cite something, laziness will inevitably prevail and the easier way will seem like a better option once again.

It turns in to a vicious cycle–you cheat because you can't reference properly, and you can't reference properly because you cheat. Pretty soon, all essays are going to look like this:

"Dear" (Oxford, 356) "God" (585), "someone" (1296) "kill" (747) "me" (853) "before" (186) "I" (671) "have" (613) "to' (2008) "write" (1529) "another" (132) "bibliography" (246).

Dictionary, Oxford English. A Ridiculous Compendium of Stupid Words. Elsewhere, Way Too Much Time On Our Hands Publishing: 2003.

I don't have an answer to the problem of plagiarism. I can only say that it is an insidious force, and nearly as insidious as the only way we can combat it.

One day, when we've developed an enforced utopian society, all we'll have to do is take a polygraph after handing in a paper. The plagiarists will be detected. We'll know who to blame for years of writing stringent and unforgiving bibliographies, and the offenders will be burnt at the stake. Their charcoal remains will be displayed in the Student Union Building, serving as a warning to others. But for now, this future is only a dream.

Something on your mind?

Yell it out to all of campus.
Write an opinion piece for the Martlet.

oped@martlet.ca

Coming down

BY JEFF ANDREW

Jeff Andrew photos

Fading sunlight shines through the treetops, glimmering on the stream crashing its way down the mountain. A deep roar echoes from the woods: a tall, thin waterfall feeding the rushing stream. We cross the water quickly, me stepping carefully from rock to rock, Warren splashing straight through, not caring if his feet get wet.

According to our map, faded and waterstained, there's a campsite just past the stream. My legs burn and my back aches from the numbing, inescapable weight of my pack. We round a bend in the trail and a small clearing appears on the right. There's a short blue backpack lying propped against a tree. Looks like someone's already here.

"Shit," I say. "It's that old man again."

He's in his sixties, slightly built with a long grey beard, sitting on a log feeding sticks into an already crackling fire. This is the second day in a row he's beaten us to a campsite. Smoke rises from the flames at his fingertips, fleeting curls and whispers dancing around his long hair, drifting up into the trees. Mocking us.

My body is crying for rest. The day has been long, the hardest one yet, and I can feel the last of my energy passing through my feet and back into the earth. I feel bad for disturbing this man's peaceful scene, but it can't be helped. Warren and I are exhausted; there's no question of us moving further down the trail.

I step forward, snapping a twig under my boot. At the noise the man looks up from his fire. His gaze locks with mine, deep black eyes peering out over a thick beard, searching me. He nods in sympathy and a weathered hand rises slowly, beckoning us to come down and share his space.

It's late in August. Warren and I are on the Pacific Crest Trail, traveling north through the Cascade Mountains in Washington State. Not far from the Skagit River Valley, just south of Hope, B.C., where Jack Kerouac once spent a summer as a fire lookout in the shadow of Mt. Hozomeen, on Desolation Peak.

We've been planning this trip for months. Warren, a biology student, has just finished his summer job, working at a marine research centre in Seattle. This is his reward for four months of drudgery in the city, a chance to get back to the woods and feel the rugged beauty of the Pacific Northwest.

For me, this is wild country, a place I've been dreaming about since I first read Kerouac at 16. I'm on a kind of pilgrimage here–searching for a ghost in a myth.

In high school I devoured his books. Anytime I needed to escape, I could lose myself in Kerouac's mad beat characters, leave my world for the jazz and smoke and rhyming, rhythmic prose flowing across his pages. I carried my copy of *On The Road* like it was a bible.

Later, I tried living it. I hitchhiked most of the way across Canada chasing after my fantasy of Kerouac, before I finally realized he didn't exist. Turns out the so-called "Father of the Beat Generation" never did that much hitchhiking.

The truth is that Kerouac was nobody's hero. He was too twisted for that–a conservative, womanizing Catholic who loved his mother and at the same time wrote crazy free-verse prose, a Beat poet who hated the consumer world but wanted desperately for his books to be accepted as literature, the valuable work of a scribe documenting the lives of his generation.

He was also a spiritual being whose most productive and poetic period were the celibate years he spent as a bhikku, a Buddhist wanderer, in the mid-1950s. That's when he climbed Desolation Peak, took his shot at wrestling with the emptiness and the contradictions that tore at his soul.

On The Road was published not long after he came down. When that happened, when fame finally came for him, he fell apart. That's the man I'm interested in now. We all have our demons–Kerouac tried to face his and lost. His failure haunts me.

And now I'm back in the woods, climbing another mountain. I'm exhausted, and worried that Warren and I might have seriously overextended ourselves.

When we left Seattle three days earlier, the plan was to hike north through the mountains to Stevens Pass, where another highway would bring us back to the city. 110 kilometres in five days, crossing 1,800 metre peaks and long rainforest valleys–the longest and toughest hiking trip either of us had ever done.

The afternoon was already late when we hit the trail, carrying packs loaded with clothes, a tent, sleeping bags and way too much food. Our goal for the first day was a campsite by a small lake, up at about 1,200 metres. For hours we hiked up an endless switchbacking trail, feeling the air grow thin and cold as we neared the edge of the treeline.

By sunset we were still searching for our lake. I said nothing, sick of the climb, sick of the hike, sick of my backpack. Sick of Warren. I'd been by myself for so long, following my own path; I felt awkward being on someone else's time again.

"Warren's been in the city all summer," I told myself. "He can't understand the things I've done." His presence was a burden, slowing me down. Invading my space.

I drop my pack with a careless thump in a corner of the clearing. Warren takes off his hat and shakes his head, long blonde hair thick with sweat and trail dust falling down over his eyes.

The old man sits at the fire, cooking rice in a small pot. A soft shine in his dark eyes speaks of peace and contentedness with the world. He doesn't speak, in fact doesn't even look at us, but nor does he seem disturbed by our presence.

Why do you go so fast, man?" Warren asks. "Where are you trying to get to?"

Halfway through the second day. I've found my hiking pace–I walk quickly, toes pointing outwards, leaning forward slightly to put the pack over my waist, long legs and heavy boots thundering up the trail.

Warren's been lagging behind. He moves gently up the mountain, hands in his pockets, stopping now and then to check out strange plants and bits of fungus. Warren the biologist.

"I asked you a question," he says, unscrewing the cap on his water bottle. "Why are you going so fast?"

I don't know what to tell him. We're sitting under a cloudless blue sky on a rolling green grass meadow in the mountains, eating oranges and staring at the trail. Ahead of us lies a long, steep ridge curving around a shimmering blue lake a 300 metres below. I stopped here about 20 minutes ago to let Warren catch up.

"I don't know why," I say. "I guess I feel like if I'm not going as fast as I can, I'm wasting my time."

He snorts a dismissive grunt. We shoulder our

n the mountain

packs and move on.

The ridge is long and torturous, a slow, steady climb under the hot sun, scrambling over bits of hard red stone tearing at my feet. In my mind, fresh from having read Tolkien the previous spring, I'm Bilbo Baggins trudging through the Iron Hills. Eighty kilometre to the east stands Mt. Rainier, a magnificent snow-capped peak. It's Erebor, the Lonely Mountain where the dwarves laid siege to the great dragon Smaug.

When I say this to Warren, he scoffs. "Forget all that, man. Just appreciate this for what it is."

The trail takes us down after that, down more switchbacks and through a long valley. Water tumbles from the alpine lakes, leaping fearlessly over cliffsides, dancing in roiling pools on thin shelves of rock, finally landing to rush furiously through the rainforest valley.

The trees here are tall and thick, ancient gnarled beasts dripping with dark green moss. Lush vegetation covers the ground, climbing up tree trunks to catch the sunlight. The air is wet and alive.

Finally, after humping this trail for 25 km, more than 10 hours of long hiking, we near the place where our map says a campsite should be. Down the trail we can see smoke rising from a campfire–looks like we're too late. As we pass, cursing, heading for the next site a mile further on, the old man looks up from his dinner.

He waves.

Sitting by the campfire now, watching the flames dance. A bright field of stars shines in the darkness above the tree tops, fresh earth smell of pine and cedar pressing in around us. Light from the fire casts a flickering circle in the clearing.

Warren and I sit quietly in the circle, eating rice and beans. The old man is leaning back against his log, reading a mapbook by the light of the fire. "Guide To The Pacific Crest Trail."

He still hasn't spoken to us. Earlier we watched as he set up camp, cooking his dinner and laying out his sleeping roll with the care and attention of a Zen monk tending a rock garden.

How long has he been out here? He's travelling light, no tent, and his mapbook is thick. The Pacific Crest Trail is over 4,200 km long, running from the Sierra Nevadas in Mexico all the way to southern British Columbia. Has this man hiked the whole thing?

Probably not. But if he has, I think to myself, I'll bet he did it slow, the same way he's sitting here now reading his book. Casual ease masking a sharp focus. I can see him taking his time, learning the feel of the land, covering ground steadily and at his own pace, leaving himself plenty of room in the day to enjoy the sunshine.

Warren and I have yet to make camp before dark.

By the third day we've found a rhythm: climb up a mountain in the morning, and in the afternoon climb down.

Right now, we're climbing down. The trail is steep, murder on the knees. With our heavy packs we walk leaning backwards, to keep from breaking into a run.

"What do you think, man?" Warren shouts from far behind. "Is it harder to go up a mountain or harder to come down?"

I just laugh. Things are getting ridiculous. Earlier in the day, on our way up, we crossed paths with another group of hikers. They looked happy, and with good cause: they weren't carrying backpacks. Two of them had on small CamelBak water carriers, but they were nothing like the 25 kilogram monstrosities Warren and I were hauling.

We were shocked. "How did you get in here without any gear? The nearest highway is three days away."

A woman smiled, tossing dark hair behind her head, sipping on a straw snaking out of her backpack. "Outfitters," she said. "We hired 'em to come in on horseback, set up camp for us each night and make us dinner."

Warren and I just stared numbly, struggling to process the information.

"They make breakfast for us, too. It's a sweet deal."

Of course, we had to agree.

Cheaters.

We stop on a bridge next to a roaring waterfall late in the day. The sun is setting behind the trees, casting long shadows across the path. Dropping our packs on the trail, we climb down slippery rocks to bury our heads in the cool stream. We drink thirstily, hungrily, greedily.

Later, standing on the bridge looking at the map, I see that we've already passed the nearest campsite. The next one is almost three kilometres down the trail.

I want to go for it. I'm running on overdrive, tired but still capable of hiking. I don't want to backtrack.

Warren, on the other hand, is exhausted. He's been walking on hot coals all day, trying to cope with two huge blisters on his right foot. The strain shows on his face, taut skin streaked with dirt and sweat. His eyes look tired.

"Come on, man," I say. "Think of how much farther along we'll be tomorrow."

He squints and throws his head back. A moment later he opens his eyes; there's a fresh, mischievous glint to them.

"Fuck it," he says, grabbing his pack and turning towards the trail. "Let's go."

He takes off fast, almost sprinting. As I follow, struggling just to keep him in sight, a smile creeps slowly across my face. Soon my laughter echoes through the woods.

I didn't know he had it in him.

Sitting by the light of a dying fire now, listening to my thoughts. The old man is curled up tight and peaceful in his sleeping bag. Warren is snoring in the tent.

I sip hot tea, boiled over what was left of the fire. All around me I hear trees sighing and animals nestling down into their burrows, a quiet symphony of fallen leaves and broken twigs. The sound of the forest turning over and going to sleep.

What am I doing here? I think of the land we've been through, the long, grueling climbs, the rush of the last three days' experience. Is it worth it?

And then it comes. I think of Warren ("Is it harder to go up a mountain or harder to come down?"), I think of Jack Kerouac laughing ("It's impossible to fall off mountains you fool"), I think of Kerouac's grand dharma bum awakening ("Everything is alright forever and forever and forever"), I think of Kerouac, mad Kerouac, Ramblin' Jack, who hitchhiked the world and dug jazz in San Fransisco, who climbed a mountain in Washington State, who had an epiphany atop Desolation Peak with great fearsome Mt. Hozomeen looming over him like the crashing, endless void, who came down the mountain and into a nightmare of murderous fame and alcoholism, who finally died fat, drunk and broke in his mother's arms, 47 years old.

It's the moments that count, I think to myself, sitting by the fire watching the embers glow. Warren is right. I need to slow down, take more time to appreciate life for what it is.

"Everything is empty and awake," says Kerouac. He's right, too, and in that moment I can see where he went wrong. He learned his lesson on the mountaintop, where lessons were meant to be learned, but somehow he lost it coming down into the city. I won't make the same mistake.

Two days later, Warren and I come down from the mountains at Stevens Pass and hitchhike into Seattle.

Stuart McLean

CBC's sensitive funny man

BY SARAH PETRESCU

Stuart McLean's cellphone makes him sound like a Transformer.

When the wry host of CBC radio's "Vinyl Cafe" calls from a hotel lobby in Montreal, I politely ask if I can call him on a clearer line. McLean is on my Top 10 List of famous Canadians I'd like to interview, and I wasn't about to let a botchy cellphone screw it up.

"No problem, we'll make sure you can cross me off that list," says McLean.

I get a slightly melancholic but much more audible McLean on a land line several minutes later. He is in his hometown of Montreal visiting friends before he hits the road with his "Vinyl Cafe" cross-Canada concert tour.

"Vinyl Cafe," one of CBC's most popular weekly shows, chronicles the hilariously banal family life of Dave and Morley. Dave, owner of "the world's smallest record store," feeds McLean personal tidbits and local gossip that become the fodder for his show. McLean writes and narrates the stories, also the basis for his best-selling books *Stories from the Vinyl Cafe*, *Home from the Vinyl Cafe*, *The Vinyl Cafe Unplugged* and the recently released *Vinyl Cafe Diaries*. Where does McLean get all his stories?

"I write them because I have to. I have a deadline. It's that simple," he says.

After much prodding, McLean admits the stories come from his life and imagination. There is no real Dave and Morley, but pieces of them come from many people–mostly McLean himself. He says the show was originally inspired by the American radio show "A Prairie Home Companion" by Garrison Keillor.

When I ask McLean why people love his stories, he continues the proverbial interview dance by torturing the jittery journalist with cheeky responses like, "That's not for me to say, that's for you to say."

I learn the best way to handle McLean's sardonic wit is to not let him off the hook. He opens up completely after I refuse to let him skirt around self-flattering questions.

"People tell me they love to just sit and listen to the stories [on the Vinyl Cafe]," says McLean. "They say it makes them laugh and cry."

McLean's radio career was well-established when he started the "Vinyl Cafe" in 1997. He started his broadcasting career by making radio documentaries for CBC's Sunday Morning in the mid-'70s. He then spent several years as a columnist and host on CBC's "Morningside."

McLean also teaches journalism at Ryerson University, a career that allows him to take a mentoring approach to his craft.

"I decided to teach because years ago I got fired from the CBC and I needed a job," he says, "I always liked working with young people."

PROVIDED PHOTO

Stuart McLean's show will bring a chuckle out of anybody, if you're not already guffawing.

"As a journalist I was always taking from people. I never got to enjoy being in a relationship with people that lasted more than one interview long. That's why I love teaching."

According to McLean, he has not always been successful and talented in dealing with people or putting himself forward. He describes himself as having been a geek in high school.

"I was a failure as a high school student on all levels: social, academic, and athletic," says McLean. "I was not funny either, and I was pathetic."

He says the highlight of his youth was persistently trying to sneak backstage at concerts to meet his favourite rock stars. McLean managed to get Brian Jones autograph once. He was emotionally crushed when Paul McCartney was swept away, pen in hand, before signing him an autograph.

"One time, I was in the dressing room with the Rolling Stones for about 30 seconds before somebody noticed me and threw me out," laughs McLean.

Although McLean's radio show is about a record collector and proprietor, he doesn't come off as a vinyl buff or music know-it-all.

Lately, he has been listening to Lyle Lovett, Leonard Cohen and Ron Sexsmith. Hesitant to brag about his present vinyl collection, he does say he has some very special Lone Ranger 78 rpm stories.

McLean says he does not want to own a record store like his radio alter ego Dave. He is happy doing what he does. He says he gets an immense sense of fulfillment from his work and loves touring Canada.

"I feel very blessed to be in this country," says McLean, who commends Canadians for being friendly and socially responsible.

"I experience a love of this community in my heart and in my tummy. Maybe it's just the way I see the world, but I see goodness in a lot of places in this country."

Crossing McLean off my Top 10 List was difficult because our conversation didn't seem like much of an interview. Once the ice was broken, McLean shot the breeze like we were old buds. He asked me questions about myself and suggested I go to Ryerson, "really the best j-school in Canada."

McLean's sensitive and curious persona makes him easy to spill your guts to. Maybe that's why he's such a good story collector.

Stuart McLean's Vinyl Cafe Christmas *comes to Victoria's Royal Theatre Dec. 10 at 2:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.*

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HOW TIME FLIES

Watt's *Last Island* is puffin' with goodness

Prose and paintings explore British Columbia's wildlife

BY JESSICA LENNY

If a raven cries "xagaq, xagaq" it means a women is going to die soon. If a raven cries "sox, sox, sox" it means the weather will be calm and sunny. The Kwakiutl recognize the different messages the same messenger can bring.

It is this relationship between humans and nature that Alison Watt so accurately portrays in her book *The Last Island: A Naturalist's Sojourn into Triangle Island*, winner of this year's Edna Staebler Award for Creative Non-Fiction and the Western Regional Book Design and Production Award. As a student at UVic, SFU and UBC, Watt was always torn between the arts and sciences, and her writing balances between these areas. Her prose is eloquent and her book is illustrated with beautiful paintings. Their accurate details do a wonderful job of showing the natural world.

Watt's variety of interests and talents lead to an original and unique portrayal of her work as a biologist studying puffins on Triangle Island in 1980. At 23, Watt spent four months in near isolation on the most northern island near Vancouver Island's tip. Her only companion was her boss and fellow field worker, Anne Vallee. Vallee was 22 at the time and beginning her own career as a biologist. A serious and focused young woman, Vallee worked hard and continued her seabird research in the following summers up until her tragic death.

Watt's book is filled with examples of death all around her, from fallen eaglets to hunted seals, from halibut caught for dinner to human error leading to the death of a young puffin.

Watt even shares her haunting dreams of fishermen drowned in the treacherous surrounding seas or young children drowned upon the shore. Death continued when the raven cried "xagaq" two years later. Vallee fell while working and was knocked unconscious. She drowned in a shallow pool of water.

Asked how she resigned herself to the continual death she saw while working, Watt spoke of the comfort she found in the consistency of death. She described it as "reassuring because it is so cyclical." In 1996, Watt returned to Triangle Island to research an article she wanted to write. When she arrived she found that, due to a lack of food, fewer than 10 per cent of the fledgling puffins would survive that year. (The lack of available fish was probably in direct connection to warmer oceans that year. Much research is being done to find the full connection between global warming and low reproduction years for seabirds).

At that point Watt was ready to face the past of the island, including Vallee's death, and she decided that there was a bigger story to tell. That was when she began writing *The Last Island* in which she states "that the smallest, most insignificant of creatures have intrinsic worth; that imagination is impoverished in a world where the value of a living thing is only calculated in dollars."

When asked to elaborate, she said that our post-Darwinian society, focused on "pure science," often separates ourselves from nature. In placing ourselves above other living things, we force a solitary existence upon ourselves.

Watt concludes this isolation is why, she believes, "our souls are impoverished." This insightful wisdom makes *The Last Island: A Naturalist's Sojourn* into Triangle Island neither a biologist's textbook nor an artist's memoir, but a stunning combination of the two: "a yarn, a story, that pulls people in."

Top 10 best CDs of 2003

by Richard McDevitt

The Strokes
Room On Fire
RCA

If the media ever gets over this band's wardrobe and the fact that they're not ashamed to kiss each other, they might realize that the Strokes are the most important band of the decade.

Despite fistfights with record executives, broken hands, blown out knees and a failed attempt at recording with Nigel Godrich, the Strokes succeeded in not falling victim to the sophomore slump. *Room On Fire* is a bigger, better, more ferocious twin of their debut. They've managed to increase the impact and the complexity of their songs without being repetitive. It still sounds stripped down, but they put in labourious hours to sound so cheap. Appreciate it, please.

Travis
12 Memories
Epic

The future of Travis remained uncertain after drummer Neil Primrose broke his back in a diving accident. With a tremendous amount of luck, Primrose recovered and was able to play again after only six months.

Tired of not receiving producer Nigel Godrich's full attention, Travis opted to work with Tchad Blake (Phantom Planet). This album is a departure from the grandiose anthems of heartbreak and melancholy in their first three albums. "Peace The Fuck Out" stands out as a powerful protest song that reveals lead-singer Fran Healy's appreciation for Joni Mitchell and Bob Dylan. And the hidden track, "Some Sad Song," contains Healy's strongest vocal performance to date.

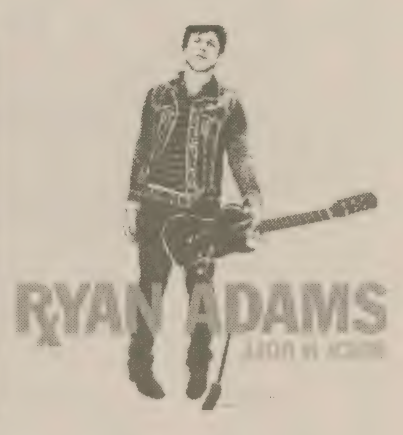
Blur
Think Tank
EMI

After not releasing an album for four years and losing mad-genius guitarist Graham Coxon, Blur managed to release the best album of their career.

Some songs will knock you on your ass while others will make you weep. The band recorded in Morocco and reportedly drank bark tea and helped the locals pick fruit. The initial reports of Norman Cook a.k.a. Fatboy Slim producing tracks led fans to speculate if it would be less Blur and more electronically-fueled songs akin to Albarn's work with the Gorillaz. Fortunately, they were mistaken. Let's just hope it doesn't take them another four years to release the next album.

White Stripes
Elephant
V2

The highly anticipated follow-up to 2001's *White Blood Cells* proved to be an even greater success for this Detroit duo. "Seven Nation Army" was the surprise hit of the summer, partly due to the psychedelic video that hypnotized stoner kids across the world. The rest of the album plays like a love letter to the glory days of blues and rock 'n' roll. Drummer Meg White has her first lead vocal on "In The Cold, Cold Night." An exquisite cover of Burt Bacharach's "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself" shocked just about everybody. This album was made for eight grand in a period of ten days and it went to number one. Korn spent 4 million on their last album and failed to crack the top 20 on some charts. You do the math.



Ryan Adams
Rock & Roll
Lost Highway

Love him, hate him or have no clue who he is, Ryan Adams is swiftly becoming the most prolific songwriter of his generation.

After his label rejected his original batch of songs as too depressing, he decided to make a rock album. It seems the only music Adams listened to for inspiration while making the album was the Replacements and the Smiths. Adams emulates Morrisey's wail in a pleasantly familiar manner on "So Alive." The title track and "Anybody Wanna Take Me Home" maintain the loneliness that pervaded Adams' previous releases. Be sure to check out the original rejected material, which has been released as the two part *Love is Hell* EPs.

The Stills
Logic Will Break Your Heart
Vice

This quartet from Montreal are proof that Canadians can still have something to offer besides pseudo-metal garbage.

The Stills apparently bought a four-track recorder from a friend who needed some fast cash and began writing songs. After a summer in New York they had enough material to release an album. The opening track "Lola Stars and Stripes" sounds like simultaneous mix of Weezer, the Kinks and the Cure. New wave, punk and rock are all represented equally on *Logic Will Break Your Heart*. The only downside is the thousands of indie kids across the world confusing the Stills with the Thrills and the Kills. If these guys were as big as Nickelback, we wouldn't have to be so embarrassed about Canadian music.

Sam Roberts
We Were Born In A Flame
Maple Music

He achieved massive national success on the strength of his debut six-track EP. Then he had to face the dilemma of releasing a full-length album. Continuous touring refined Roberts' penchant for Beatles-inspired songs of self-pity, drunkenness and the fear of achieving absolutely nothing. Despite all the self-analyzing, the album avoids being self-indulgent. "Every Part Of Me" captures the incorruptibility of childhood with a grace and sincerity that some bands can only ever hope of replicating. The only negative aspect of the album is that the three tracks included from Roberts' debut EP sound foreign. The remaining 11 songs are strong enough to stand by themselves.

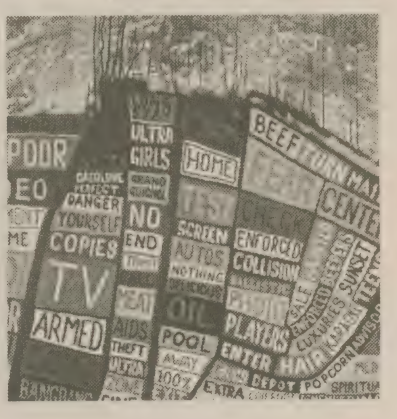
Doves
Lost Sides
EMI

Lost Sides is made up of songs that didn't fit, or were rejected as sub-par, for the two previous Doves albums. However, the result is anything but pedestrian.

"Your Shadow Lay Across my Life" takes advantage of both Jimi Goodwin's and Jez Williams astonishing vocal abilities. The cover of Warren Zevon's "Hit the Ground Running" and an alternate version of "Sea Song" demonstrates the versatility of this group. Fans will be delighted to hear the inclusion of the live favorite "Darker" while "Meet Me at the Pier" reveals a completely new side to the band. This collection of b-sides proves greater than most bands proper albums.

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club
Take Them On Your Own
EMI

Their debut album's hit single asked "Whatever happened to my Rock & Roll?" B.R.M.C. seem to have found where the ever-elusive spirit of rock music has been lurking on their sophomore effort. This band gets extra bonus points because this album was recorded out of boredom. This boredom was derived from the fact that they couldn't tour North America because their drummer had drug charges that were yet to be resolved. The album only slows down for the gorgeous acoustic ballad "And I'm Aching." The rest is pure, unruly rock 'n' roll.



Radiohead
Hail To The Thief
EMI

After the release of *Kid A* and *Amnesiac*, the world of Radiohead seemed to be progressing towards electronic obscurity. Much to the approval of pre-*Kid A* fans, the band decided to make an album that registers more like a greatest-hits package. *Hail to the Thief* seems to indicate the end of an era for the band. Every good aspect of their previous albums has been assimilated into this effort. The third single "2+2=5" proves that they can still write pure rock 'n' roll songs that put many of their peers to shame. "A Wolf At The Door" is one of the best songs they've ever released.

Lord of the Rings

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Back to the roots

by Laurie Burns

Upon returning to Canada after touring Germany and the Czech Republic as a duo act, musicians Mae Moore and Lester Quitzau aren't just going back to their roots.

Moore and Quitzau, both singer-songwriters acclaimed for pushing the boundaries of musical genres, are also going back to blues, jazz and folk as they produce an eclectic medley of sound for their emotionally-charged performances.

"Our show is a huge hybrid of folk, jazz, blues, and roots music," said Moore, whose sixth album, *It's a Funny World*, was released in 2002.

The chemistry in Moore and Quitzau's musical duo reflects their relationship offstage. Since their recent marriage, Moore and Quitzau have shared their lives as well as their passion for music.

"Our musical connection parallels our relationship," said Quitzau. "We have different influences, but we complement each other."

While Moore and Quitzau both grew up listening to the guitar riffs of Led Zeppelin and Jimi Hendrix, the artists took different paths to musical recognition. Quitzau, a native of Edmonton, began his career with plans of becoming a rock guitarist before discovering the blues.

"I like to express myself with different styles of music," said Quitzau. "I stew together different genres and what comes out is my own product."

Growing up with a jazz-musician father, Moore began writing songs as a teenager to cope with her mother's death from cancer.

"Music was a way for me to express the experiences I was going through," she said.

Moore traded in her dream of becoming a visual artist when she discovered the magnetism of musical performance while playing in coffeehouses.

"The more I played live, the more I saw it as a career," she said. Quitzau and Moore found a widespread audience for their music through travel. Quitzau toured the European and North American folk festival circuits while collaborating with different artists. He received a Juno in 2000 for his work with roots music trio Tri-Continental.

"Traveling and working with other people has stretched me as an artist and made me adapt to other styles of music," said Quitzau.

Moore, whose folk-inspired songs have been showcased in television shows and movies such as "Baywatch" and *Top Gun*, signed on with Sony in 1990. With the record giant behind her, Moore gained the opportunity to share her music with the world but struggled to retain her folk identity in a sea of pop artists.

"I had to crystallize my identity to not get swept up in the marketing machine," said Moore.

When Moore and Quitzau merged their musical pasts into their current collaboration, they found harmony in their similar roots.

PROVIDED PHOTO

Lovebirds Lester Quitzau and Mae Moore play Victoria Dec. 5.

"A musician lives a dual lifestyle, divided between the road and home," said Quitzau. "Our life together is in both places."

To keep their music from lapsing into predictability, Moore and Quitzau revisit tunes from previous albums and integrate the old with the new.

"As an artist, you have to keep inventing," said Moore. "You can't ride on a reputation."

As their January album release draws nearer and Moore and Quitzau tour across our country, Moore hopes that people will feel the authenticity of their collaboration.

"I think our connection is reflected in our music," she said.

Added Quitzau, "A strength comes from knowing that at the end of the day, we're in it together."

Mae Moore and Lester Quitzau bring their roots act to Victoria's Central Bar & Grill on Dec. 5.

Double the White Cowbell

Two, two, two reviews in one!

by Jasper Schwartz

White Cowbell Oklahoma takes no prisoners. This is the underlying theme to the Canadian tour they've embarked upon. The Cowbell are quickly earning a name for themselves with a raucous blend of music, southern style and wild stage shows, and they're leaving a mile-wide swath of destruction in their wake.

Cowbell's music hearkens back to an earlier era, when southern fried rock was what music was all about.

"Oh man, I tell you, we love all the good old stuff, the Top, ZZ Top, man those guys kicked ass, and KISS. Man, I tell you, KISS rules. We like lots of stuff like that, the classic southern rock and roll," says Clem, the band's de facto spokesman.

Cencerro Blanco, the band's debut full-length album, is starting to get Cowbell in the spotlight. The vocal talent of Miss Bunny Blagina stands out most, mixing an amazing gospel voice with Cowbell's guitar onslaught almost flawlessly. Add to that nine surprisingly versatile musicians, and the band seems destined to tear up the college radio charts.

The band has been known to have everything from fire juggling, coleslaw wrestling and chainsaws at their shows, with a little bit of music in-between. The more attention the band gets, the more they pick up their show. "Jesus, we got everything at our shows," says Clem. "We got stuff you won't see anywhere else. We got women taking their clothes off. We got Chainsaw Charlie, who spits fire and chops stuff up. We're always looking for the weirdest people doing stuff you just don't see. We've got all kinds of fornicatin' at our shows, people fornicatin' up onstage, with the band and stuff. It's wild."

The band sports clothing shoplifted from Salvation Armies across the country, and they've patched together an odd assortment of items that scream bad taste. Clem appears on stage in muscle shirts and a white cowboy hat worthy of its own photo to shoot. Lead singer Sgt. Rock appears most comfortable in a faded U.S. army formal dress. Most unique is Bubba, one of the four guitarists Cowbell uses, who actually managed to find himself a WWII army helmet.

The last few years have seen the revival of all kinds of classic music, from the garage rock of the White Stripes and the Vines to the funk stylings of Jamiroquai and Remy Shand. White Cowbell Oklahoma is set on leading a revival of their own, so break out your Confederate flags, 'cause the south is rising.

by Zoë Bake-Paterson

White Cowbell Oklahoma
Cencerro Blanco
Slick Monkey

Don't let the cover of *Cencerro Blanco* lead you astray. Despite the naked cartoon platinum-blonde cowgirl riding a car past a full moon and cactus, White Cowbell Oklahoma's debut album is more than stereotypical male fantasy.

A little bit of crooning, some guitar twang and punk stylings thrown together with good ol' rock 'n' roll sums up the sound. Some songs sound like a mix of The Eagles with southern rock, particularly in the saucy title track "Cencerro Blanco." In other songs, their sound is more punk, complete with guitar solos or jazzy ska beats.

This group defines "unique"–just listen to the album's intro, beginning with a created recording of the police chasing suspects westbound on Route 666 ("Sheriff, it's Cowbell. They're back." "Sweet merciful Christ!").

This band consists of nine men and one woman, although without the back photo of a woman wearing a shirt labeled "white trash," it's hard to tell there's a woman involved at all. The exception is in the tenth track, "Ole Glory," in which her singing blows away the rest of the band with its rich sound.

Don't expect much from the lyrics, though, as they are mostly not worth the energy it takes to figure them out.

That said, this is a band that has some kick. Songs like "Rollin' High Rider" or "Shot a Gamblin' Man" prove that White Cowbell Oklahoma is definitely danceable, switching between upbeat rock and swinging solos. The effect is pleasing and, if nothing else, this band will get your foot tapping.

PROVIDED PHOTO

Bob Ross fan Michael Furtado's piece "The Devil Planning His Next Move" will be featured in his first art exhibition, Dec. 12–18 at the Ministry of Casual Living.

Skulls, devils in the medium of glitter

BY BRIONY SMITH

If you have a fondness for pastel-coloured skulls, then Michael Furtado's art show is the one for you.

In his first art show, titled "Soothing Bright"–taking place at the Ministry of Casual Living from Dec. 12 to 18–Furtado explores dark themes like death, crucifixion and the devil through a series of oil paintings. But what makes his art original is that while depicting these disturbing images, his pieces are painted in deliberately cheery bright colours.

The dichotomy of the use of pastel and glitter for such somber themes is the focus of the show.

"The bright colours are especially attractive and esthetically pleasing but they also accentuate the artificial gloss of the painting," says Furtado.

He also says that "Soothing Bright" is inspired by questions of a metaphysical, theological and philosophical nature. "Questions like, 'Is it realistic to talk about religion with rationality?'" says Furtado, who classifies his art as "experimental."

Furtado was raised Catholic and was thus exposed to classic religious iconography, including images like the devil being beaten. Such images inspired some of the work featured in the show, such as the piece titled "The Devil Planning His Next Move," which shows the devil bruised and crying, but is painted as an almost-comical cartoon figure.

Furtado doesn't have formal training beyond a handful of art classes in junior high and at Camosun College, but he did have an artistic mentor who spoke to him strongly. "Remember Bob Ross? He amazed me, how he could just paint those paintings in half an hour." This inspiration from the afroed artist with the long-running do-it-yourself art show on PBS sent him to his parents' sets of encyclopedias, where he learned about all the great artists of the past. It led to early experiments with watercolours, and then to the oil paints that he works with today in an impressionist style.

Although he may not be a "geeky kid" trying to impress his family with his artistic talent anymore, Furtado is confident that his first public art show will impress the discerning art lovers of Victoria.

"My art is approachable. Most people can gain something from it. It shows a different perspective: challenging, yet playful and fun."

"Soothing Bright" is showing at the Ministry of Casual Living at 1442 Haultain Street from Dec. 12 to Dec. 18. The opening of the show is at 8 p.m. on Dec. 12. It is free and all are welcome.

NIC HUME PHOTO

Techno-savvy artist Nathan Segal with his piece "Death Screaming."

Art with a conscience

BY RYANN MCQUARRIE

Until four years ago, Victoria-based artist Nathan Segal was a self described computer geek working in the field of information technology. So how did he come to parent an art exhibition tackling a heavy issue like child abuse?

Segal began his journey when, on a friend's advice, he abandoned a flourishing career in special effects and set-building to attend the Victoria College of Art. "Art school unblocked my creativity," says Segal, who was able to integrate his technical knowledge with artistic methods, resulting in truly innovative art. Segal uses computers to combine photographs with digital elements and text, then uses these in paintings and sculpture.

"The Dark Night..." which explores the effects of child abuse, is Segal's first exhibition since completing art school. "It's easier to paint without the instructor standing over you," says Segal. "Now the only instructor is in my head."

Segal began the project after a therapy session prompted an insistent image in his mind. "It was like a voice said, 'You must paint,'" he says. As the project developed, Segal realized he was creating archetypes that many people could relate to. "People would say to me, 'You're painting what I feel.' I'm using images to capture experience," he says.

Segal admits some people may find his work intensely disturbing. "This is dark stuff," he says, acknowledging the issue has publicly resurfaced with new allegations against pop star Michael Jackson. Still, Segal insists we must uncover the root of child abuse. "It didn't just come out of nowhere–it had to be passed on, integrated into [the abuser's] personality," says Segal, who believes many people have suffered some form of abuse. "There are wounded people walking around in society," he says, positing that for many the damage may be buried in the unconscious. Segal hopes to change this. He maintains that the only way to heal is to overcome denial and face the problem, however painful it may be.

Yet beauty can emerge from great pain. "Death Screaming" is a series of three masks depicting the faces of denial. Raw and visceral, Segal uses photographic elements and lighting to create an image that is disturbingly realistic and visually stunning. "No matter who you are," he says, "you'll take something away from it."

Segal already has plans for new projects, including pieces exploring the subject of residential schools and a photographic series that uses pornographic images to examine Internet addiction.

Hopefully, his artistic talent will shed light on these issues as brilliantly as he has on the dark spectre of child abuse.

"The Dark Night..." runs from Dec. 4 to Dec. 10 at the Community Arts Council on Douglas Street. Some of Segal's other work can be seen at www.natsegal.com.

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The year in Vikes 2003

BY RICHARD WARNICA

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January 15–18

Vikes swimmers dominate the butterfly at Canada West championship

The UVic swim team wins 10 medals, four of them gold, at the Canada West championships in Calgary. Jesse Jacks, Dave Creel and Phillip Weis all win three medals each and share a fourth medal, in the 4-by-200 metre freestyle relay, with Dave Macdonald.

January 17

Women's field hockey honoured for championship season

The banner celebrating the women's field hockey 2002 Canadian Interuniversity Sport (CIS) national championship is raised in MacKinnon gym. The Vikes captured the title in Nov. 2002 by beating the defending champion UBC Thunderbirds 2–0 in the tournament final in Halifax. It is the 10th national championship banner for head coach Lynn Beecroft, making her the winningest coach in CIS women's field hockey history.

February 15

Banner raised on sixth consecutive rowing championship

UVic honours the women's rowing team by raising the banner for their 2002 Canadian University Rowing Championship. The team captured the title in November of that year in St. Catherines, Ontario.

February 17

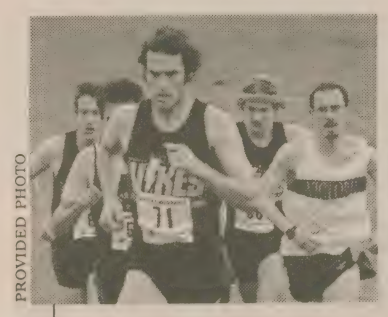
Swimmers come up silver at CIS swimming championship

Vikes swimmers Dave Creel, Jesse Jacks (pictured above) and Dave Weiss continue their winning ways at the CIS swimming championship in Victoria. Jacks garners two silvers in the 200 m butterfly and the 1500 m freestyle, while his teammates Creel and Weiss each make one trip to the podium. Creel takes silver in the 400 m freestyle with Weiss capturing bronze in the 200 m individual medley.

March 10

Anderson leads Vikes to glory at basketball nationals

Second team all-Canadian Lindsay Anderson leads the sixth-ranked Vikes to a 60–51 victory over the fourth-ranked Winnipeg Wesmen at the CIS national championship at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario. The Vikes upset number-three-ranked Memorial and number-two-ranked Laval to reach the final. Anderson leads all players with 18 points in her last game in a Vikes uniform.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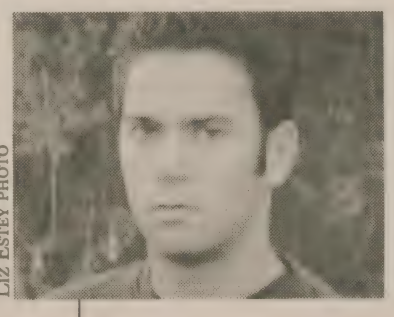
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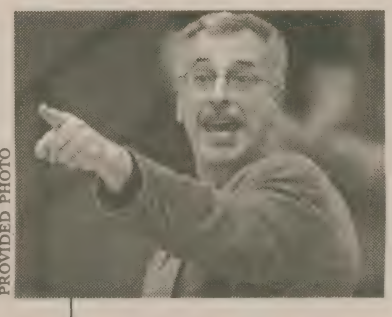
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March 16

Vikes capture 4-by-800 silver

UVic's men's track and field team led by Glenn Saqui (pictured above) come a close second to the University of Guelph in the 4-by-800 metre relay at the CIS national championship in Windsor, Ontario.

May 3

Lawson goes out with a bang for UVic rugby

Led by captain and national team hooker Mark Lawson (pictured above with trophy), the Vikes capture the B.C. premier league rugby championship by beating cross-town rivals James Bay Athletic Club 23–17. The win comes just two years after the team was promoted to the premier league after winning the first division championship in 2001.

May 26–30

Golfers golden at National championship

UVic's men's golf team captures the first ever Canadian University Golf Championship, held at the Whistle Bear Club in Cambridge, Ontario. Vikes Golfer Todd Halpen (pictured above) leads the way with a four day total score of 3 under par, good enough for second place. Teammate Brian Sluggett isn't far behind, finishing fourth with a score of 4 over par.

September 15

UVic mourns the loss of long-time coach

Vikes men's basketball coach Guy Vetrie (pictured above) passes away suddenly, three days shy of his 52nd birthday. Vetrie, who was entering his 14th year as head coach, suffers a heart attack while jogging at the university. Vetrie was six times named Canada West coach of the year while at UVic. Assistant Craig Beauchamp is later named as Vetrie's interim replacement.

October 12

Vikes down under at Rugby World Cup

Vikes Mark Lawson, Colin Yukes (pictured above) and Ed Fairhurst debut for Canada in a 41–10 loss to Wales at the Rugby World Cup in Australia. Lawson, the former Vikes captain, and Yukes both start the game while Fairhurst is featured on the bench. Fairhurst goes on to start against the New Zealand All Blacks later in the tournament.

LIZ ESTEY PHOTO

LIZ ESTEY PHOTO

RICAHRD WARNICA PHOTO

PROVIDED PHOTO

DANIELLE PELLETIER PHOTO

October 26

Late season brilliance not enough for men's soccer

The Vikes men's soccer team ends their season on an eight game unbeaten streak after starting the year 0–4. Despite winning their last game 3–1 over the Lethbridge Pronghorns, a victory by the Calgary Dinos robs the Vikes of a playoff berth.

October 29

All-star Postle a UVic first

Vikes flanker Sara Postle (pictured above) becomes the first UVic women's rugby player to be named a First-Team All-Canadian by the CIS. Earlier in the year, Postle led to the Vikes to the brink of their first CIS championship berth, only losing out after a 13–10 overtime loss to UBC in the Canada West championship tournament held in Victoria.

November 2

Heartbreak in Lethbridge for women's soccer

The Vikes women's soccer team suffers through a heart-breaking weekend in Lethbridge, finishing in forth place at the Canada West Championships. The Vikes went into the tournament as one of the favourites, having finished the regular season with a 9–2–3 record but never recovered after losing First-Team All-Canadian Carey Gustafson (pictured above left) in the second half of the semi-final against Alberta.

November 2

Rain washed away field hockey dreams

On a rain-soaked pitch in Oakville, Ontario, the defending national champion Vikes women's field hockey team loses in the CIS final in a shoot-out to archrivals UBC. The field conditions are so bad that neither team is able score a single goal in regulation, with the Vikes eventually falling 3–2 in penalty strokes. Fifth-year Vike Lauren MacLean (pictured above left), generally considered one of the best university field hockey players in Canada, is named the tournament's most valuable player.

November 5

Seventh straight title for women's rowing

The Vikes women's rowing team wins their seventh consecutive Canadian University Rowing Championship. The men's team is not far behind, finishing second to Brock University.

Sports briefs

Tough weekend for top ranked Vikes

UVic's women's basketball team suffered through a devil of a time on last weekend's prairie road trip. The team lost twice, 63–61 to Regina on Friday night and 65–52 to Brandon on Sunday. With the losses the Vikes will likely surrender their number one CIS ranking.

The men's team was more successful, splitting the weekend series against the same teams. On Friday the Vikes triumphed 109–105 in a triple overtime thriller over Regina, before falling 78–71 to Brandon on Sunday. Chris Trumpy led the Vikes on both nights, with 39 points on Friday and 16 two days later.

Vikes thump James Bay

Coach Doug Tate's provincial champion men's rugby team finally got their offence rolling against the winless James Bay Athletic Club last Saturday at Wallace field. The Vikes, who currently sit in fourth place in the B.C. Premier League, beat the eighth-place James Bay 36–5. With the win the Vikes improve their record to 4 and 4.

Vikes 2003: the year in numbers

Team awards:

National Championships: 3
- women's basketball
- women's rowing
- men's golf

National runners up: 2
- women's field hockey
- men's rowing

B.C. Championships: 1
- Men's rugby

Individual awards:

National championship medals:15

Gold: 5
- 3 women's rowing
- 2 men's rowing

Silver: 8
- 2 men's rowing
- 1 women's rowing
- 3 men's swimming
- 1 men's track and field
- 1 men's golf

Bronze: 2
- 1 men's swimming
- 1 men's rowing

CIS All-Canadians: 6

First Team: 4
- Carey Gustafson: soccer
- Lauren MacLean: field hockey
- Sara Postle: rugby
- Sara Simpson: field hockey

Second Team: 2
- Lindsay Anderson: basketball
- Gillian Battey: field hockey

Richard Warnica

School an afterthought for wolf-chasing skier

BY MEGAN STEWART

Like the Canadian wildlife he chases, you'd need to tag and radio-collar Steve Canning to keep up with him through the backcountry.

The UVic student and ardent skier will spend next semester on a biology co-op with Parks Canada, tracking wolves, bighorn sheep, mountain goats and caribou in the Columbia Valley near Radium, B.C. And he'll be doing it all on skis. The only question is, since the 22-year-old has spent as much time atop snowy mountain peaks as any crafty goat or bone-gnawing wolf, who's going to keep an eye on him?

When Canning envisions a mountain range and feels the pull of steep slopes, he just can't resist. "There are mountains," he says, "that just have to be skied."

The creative writing and environmental studies double major hits the powder more than 100 times every winter and often misses a good chunk of his classes. He shrugs this off as inevitable.

"I do pretty well in school," he says, "but nothing is more fun than ski mountaineering."

Ski mountaineering is a backcountry winter trek pushed to its limits. Skis are used to ascend and descend the highest, steepest, most remote slopes out there. Since "flogging through waist-deep snow is no fun," as Canning puts it, special bindings allow him to unlock his heels and take a telemark approach up a hill, while still being able to lock-in and take an alpine ski technique back down.

Canning, who isn't even in the biology faculty, will use his backcountry experience to track animals in their own environment in order to understand how they survive the cold Canadian climate.

"I'll be looking at how certain animals travel, inhabit and meet their needs within an ecosystem," says Canning, "I'll be going into what is generally a pretty hostile environment where survival is difficult in the winter."

Canning is no stranger to harsh conditions, but his own survival depends on a healthy diet of adventure and a regular supplement of expedition.

For one spring trip, the fanatic Canning hiked over 200 km with 60 kg (plus skis) on his back to glide through untouched snow. It took him and a group of friends 17 days to bushwhack, hike and ski from But Inlet, roughly 250 km north of Victoria, to Mount Waddington, near Port Hardy on Vancouver Island's northeast coast.

The aspiring travel writer records his trips with pen, paper and photography and has been published in *Backpacker's News* magazine. Canning also makes money by taking inspiring shots and is stirred by the work of other photographers.

Two years ago, the Maple Ridge native was inspired to scale the rugged peak shown on the Kokanee beer bottle. He called up the Creston brewery, contacted the photographer who snapped the pic and headed out to Kokanee Glacier Provincial Park to ski the illustrious summit.

"We found the mountain from the picture," Canning says, "but stormy, windy, dangerous weather stopped us from going anywhere."

Undaunted, the tall redhead and his two friends dug a snow cave and lived there for a week.

Whether or not wildlife protection and conservation leads to a career, Canning will always be determined to wait out the driving snow and dangerous conditions for an ideal trek.

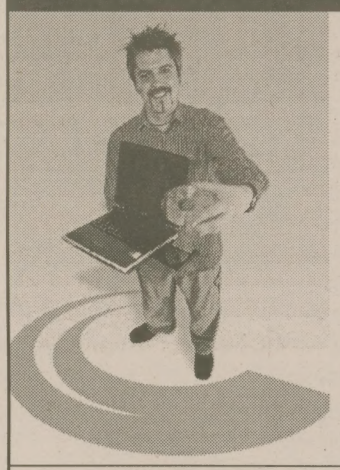
Last year, after three years of being denied a shot at Mount Matier near Pemberton, B.C. because of poor weather and threat of avalanche, Canning finally got his chance to ski it. "It's a cloudy, foggy windy day but we're finally there," says Canning. "We're [sitting] still at the top when this big window in the clouds opens and sunlight pours through. It was a classic face. Absolutely beautiful."

Canning can't ask for a better memory, but will chase any chance–even wolves–for one just as great.

STEVE CANNING PHOTO

Steve Canning captures his friend Brian "Sparky" Steeves on Mount Waddington last May.

Education + Skills = Employment



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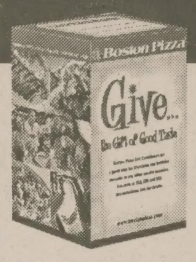

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On campus

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Child's Play? Images of the Family, an art show featuring artwork by children from South Park Elementary School and students from the University of Victoria, will hold its open reception at the Visual Arts department at UVic on Monday, Dec. 1 at noon. Regular viewing times will be held Dec. 1–6 from 9 a.m.–4 p.m.

Off campus

BLUEGRASS JAM, Tuesdays at the Orange Hall, 1620 Fernwood, 7:30 p.m. Last jam of the year is December 16th. Jams start again January 6th. Players of all levels welcome. Players $2, listeners free. Contact: Larry Lawrence Statland 472-6483.

CHAI VICTORIA, Jewish Students Association presents *Desert Nights*, our annual Chanukkah party. **Where:** The Jewish Community Centre 3636 Shelbourne St. (at Cedar Hill X Rd. across from the Fairways Market). **When:** Saturday December 6. Doors open at 8 p.m. **TIX:** $5 in advance, $7 at the door. Tickets will be sold Monday December 1, 11:30 a.m.–2:30 p.m., Friday December 5, 11:30 a.m.–2:30 p.m., Email: rbrandt@uvic.ca.
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The Victoria Fiddle Society monthly Fiddle Jam is Friday, December 5th at Fairfield United Church Hall from 7:00–9:30 p.m. All musicians/fiddlers welcome. VFS members free, all other $2. To hear this month's featured jam tunes or to read about this month's featured artist, please go to BCKitchenParty.com.

Help wanted

Required immediately: coach and assistant coach/manager for women's under 21 soccer team in Gordon Head. Contact: Robert Gutierrez 477-8099, e-mail gutie@shaw.ca.

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Accommodations

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Announcements

The five-year term of the University of Victoria President, Dr. David H. Turpin, ends on August 31, 2005. He is eligible for reappointment. Written comments may be submitted to the Committee through Sheila Sheldon Collyer, University Secretary by fax at (250) 721-6223 or e-mail to sscunsec@uvic.ca by December 3, 2003 or to the Committee members.

Centre for Studies in Religion and Society:
Graduate Student Fellowship Opportunities
The Ian H. Stewart Graduate Student Fellowship and the Vandekerkhove Family Trust Graduate Student Fellowships. To apply for either fellowship applications should be submitted to the Centre for Studies in Religion and Society by February 1, 2004. For details please visit web.uvic.ca/csrs/ or call 721-6695.

Calling all groovesters!
Groovefest is an annual fundraiser that deconstructs valentine's day and mainstream beauty standards by celebrating sexuality, diversity and resistance. It's an anti-fashion show, an outlaw talent show, and a radical variety show. Groovefest needs a diverse group of volunteers, performers and models. In particular, we're looking for people of colour, aboriginal people, people of size, transgendered people, people with disabilities and queer people who want to get involved. If you're interested, please contact rubina or danielle at the women's centre (sub b107). Call 721-8353 or email groovefest@riseup.net Get aboard the good ship groove!

Human Rights Day
International Human Rights day is Wednesday, December 10. UVic Amnesty International suggests you write a letter from www.amnesty.ca or attend the candlelight vigil to be held at 7:00 p.m., outside the legislature.

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Hey you in the red sweater drinking a double Canadiano in the Munchie Bar, thanks for giving me the smile, I'd love to return the favour sometime.

Hey, ever wonder why there are no pastel coloured penis veins?

My dear Microsoft Man, when will you dump that artsy-hussy you do time with and come play action figures with me.

I hate everything.

Hey UVSS board members. Hope you love running around the track. You will lose, you will lose, you will lose.

Anybody traveling back to the Kootenays? I need a ride and will pay lots of cash. Plus I have good CDs to listen to. 721-5274

Just admit that all Korean foods are delicious to death. And if you feel like eating something new and yummy, let me know. I'll be right there for you.

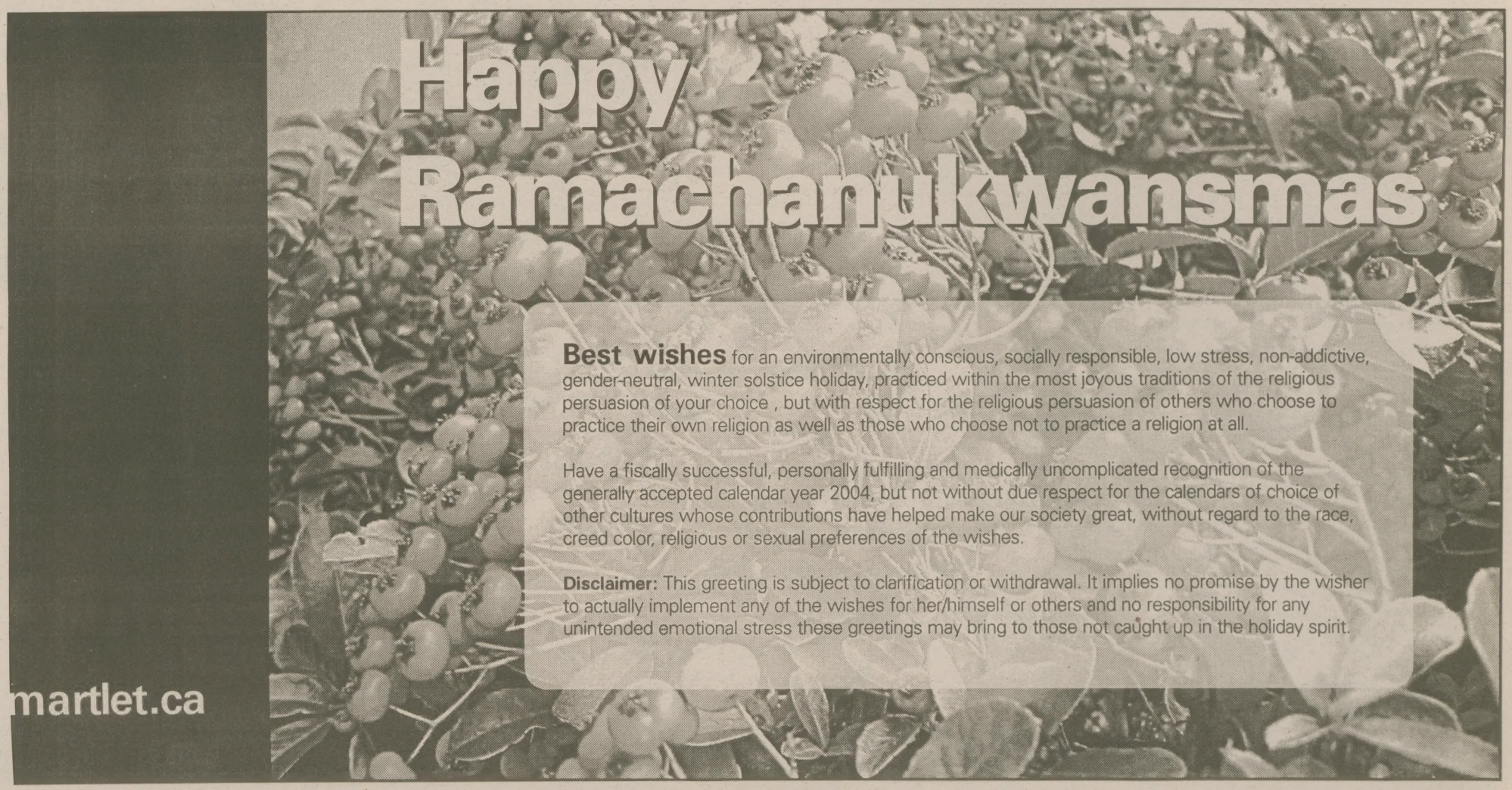
Hey society. You arrogant, apathetic animal. I look forwards to your demise.

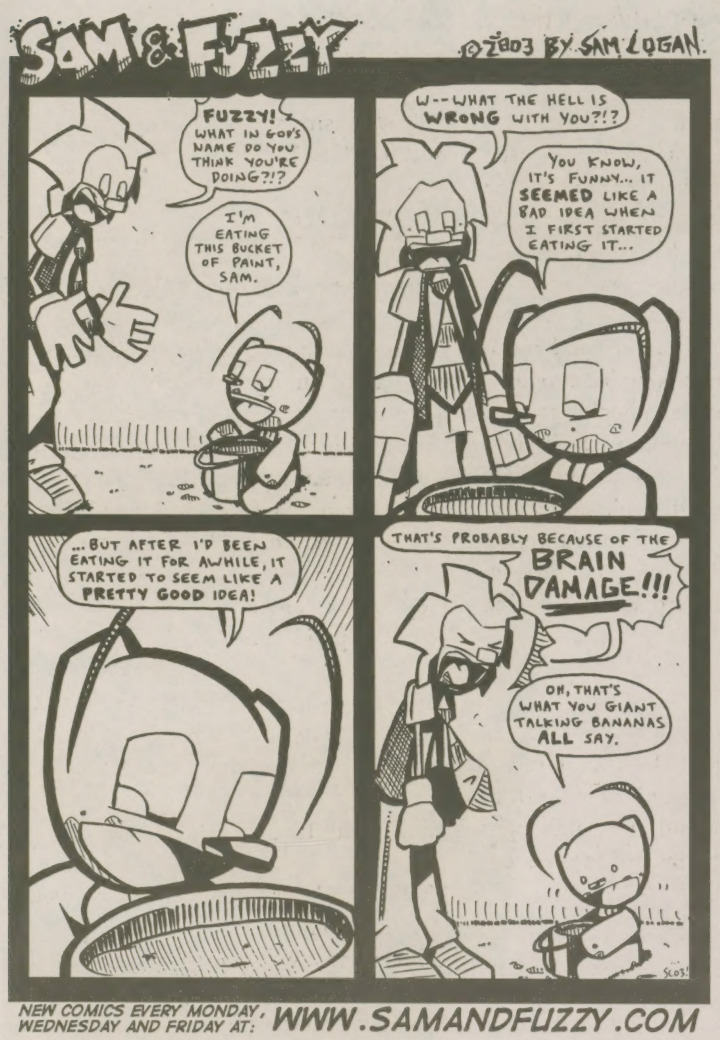
STOP THROWING CHEESE AT ME ! ESPECIALLY IN THE NEWSROOM !

Luigi, how's that newspaper gig going? And why do you have so much toilet paper?

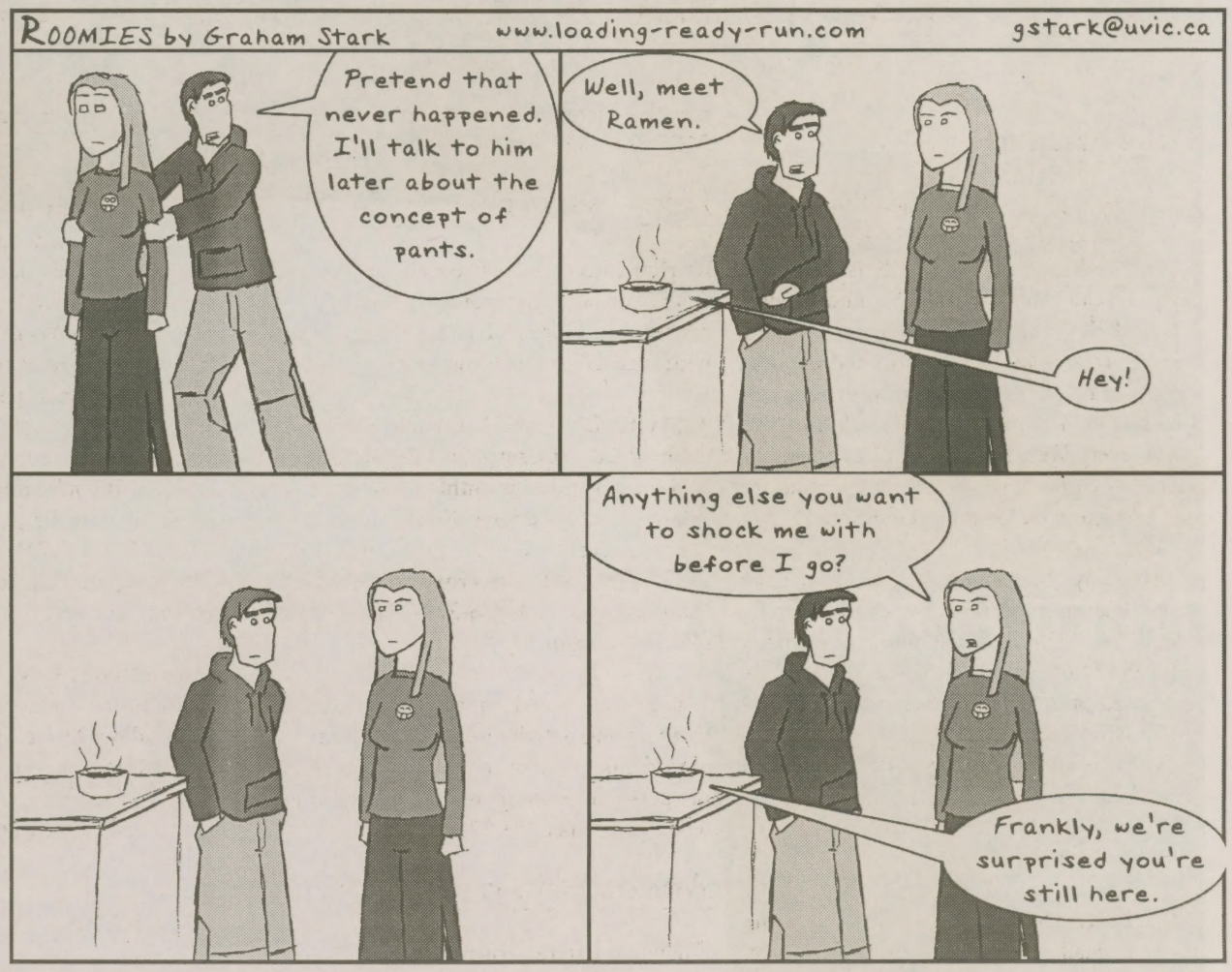
Billboard Rates:

Students and Clubs – $2/issue
Non-Students – $2/line
Businesses – $5.50/line for first 3 lines
+ $2/extra line
hey you! – free


Happy
Ramachanukwansmas
Best wishes for an environmentally conscious, socially responsible, low stress, non-addictive, gender-neutral, winter solstice holiday, practiced within the most joyous traditions of the religious persuasion of your choice , but with respect for the religious persuasion of others who choose to practice their own religion as well as those who choose not to practice a religion at all.
Have a fiscally successful, personally fulfilling and medically uncomplicated recognition of the generally accepted calendar year 2004, but not without due respect for the calendars of choice of other cultures whose contributions have helped make our society great, without regard to the race, creed color, religious or sexual preferences of the wishes.
Disclaimer: This greeting is subject to clarification or withdrawal. It implies no promise by the wisher to actually implement any of the wishes for her/himself or others and no responsibility for any unintended emotional stress these greetings may bring to those not caught up in the holiday spirit.
martlet.ca


SAM & FUZZY
©2003 BY SAM LOGAN.
FUZZY! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!?
I'm EATING THIS BUCKET OF PAINT, SAM.
W--WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!?
YOU KNOW, IT'S FUNNY... IT SEEMED LIKE A BAD IDEA WHEN I FIRST STARTED EATING IT...
...BUT AFTER I'D BEEN EATING IT FOR AWHILE, IT STARTED TO SEEM LIKE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA!
THAT'S PROBABLY BECAUSE OF THE BRAIN DAMAGE!!!
OH, THAT'S WHAT YOU GIANT TALKING BANANAS ALL SAY.

NEW COMICS EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT: **WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM**

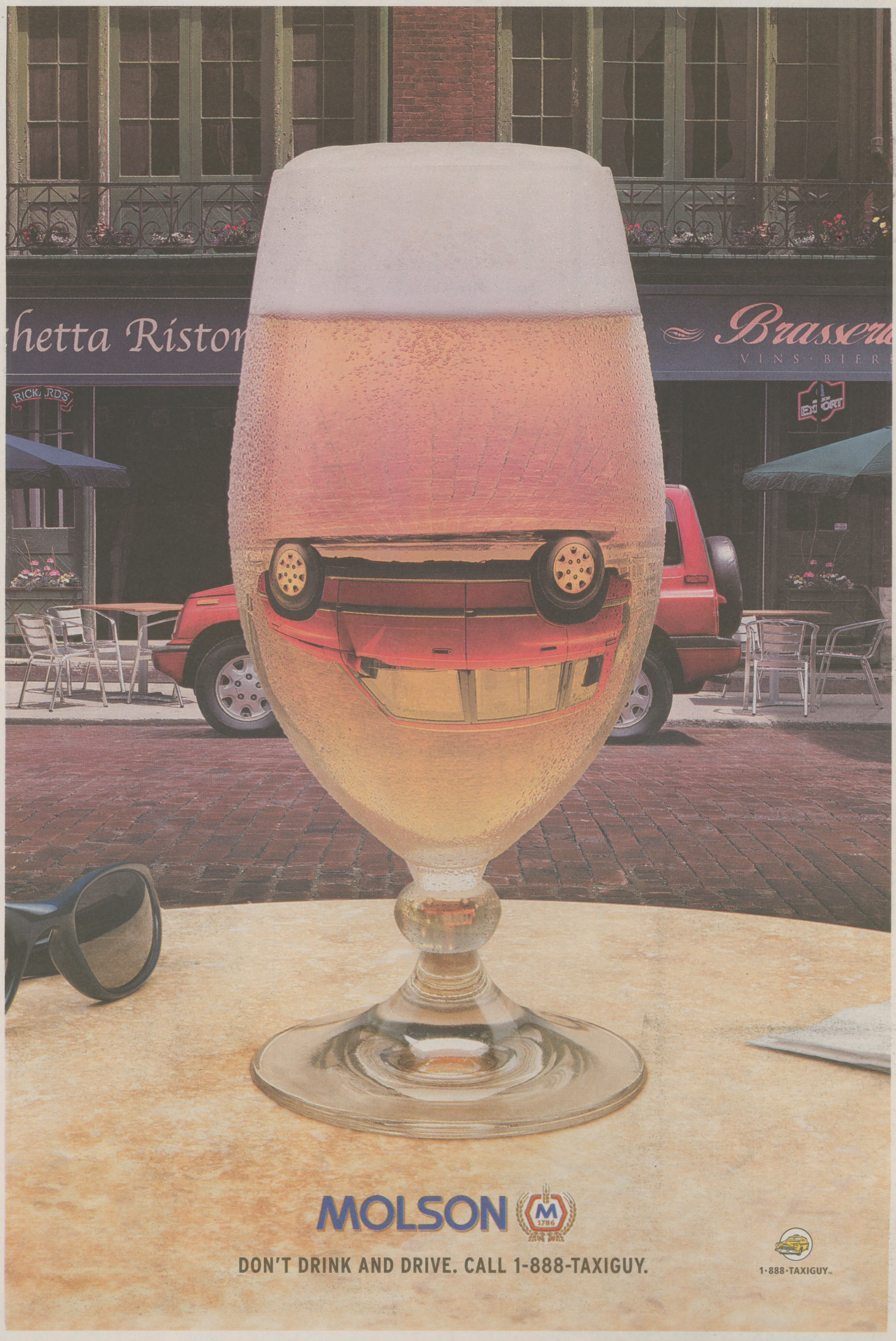

ROOMIES by Graham Stark
www.loading-ready-run.com
gstark@uvic.ca
Pretend that never happened. I'll talk to him later about the concept of pants.
Well, meet Ramen.
Hey!
Anything else you want to shock me with before I go?
Frankly, we're surprised you're still here.

Frankensteins Monster was Brain-washed

THE ORIGIN PART III
by Chris Ho
thecho@uvic.ca
HIS NAME IS OVERBITE. A VEGAN GONE MAD.
WHO-
"HE WAS MANGLED BY A SHARK DURING A PROTEST AGAINST AQUATIC HUNTING."
"IT SEEMS HE HAS DECIDED TO BLAME THE OMNIVORE CONTINGENT OF UVIC'S POPULATION."
IT'S UP TO YOU TO STOP HIM.
WHAT?!
BUT... HOW CAN I-
YOU DIED, DANIELS. YOU DIED, AND WERE REBORN. YOU ARE NO LONGER MERELY HUMAN. YOU ARE SOMETHING GREATER. NOW, YOU ARE A GUARDIAN OF JUSTICE.
"YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN THE TIME COMES. IT'S ALL BEEN... ...PROGRAMMED."
TAKE THAT VEHICLE. THE STUDENT UNION BUILDING IS NOT FAR FROM HERE.
EVEN IF THAT GUY WAS LYING, I WON'T STAND BY AND WATCH MY BELOVED CAMPUS BE DESTROYED...
THE CLIMAX ARRIVES, NEXT WEEK IN "ORIGIN"! DON'T MISS IT!

Postmodern Haircut Presents... by Jeffrey Weston, westoons@hotmail.com

The Adventures of...
NOAM CHOMSKY
... and his dog Predicate!
Good news! I just got an interview on Nightline!
Don't screw it up!
Wait? What do you mean, "screw it up"?
You know, by being you!
I..Hey!
If you go on there you're going to be like, "I'm Noam Chomsky the Modern Industrial Society must... big word here, big word there, U.S. foreign policy this... Blah, blah, blah..."
I'm not going to comprise my integrity by contributing to the numbing of society's intellect!
To do that would be to undermine the responsibility of the intellectual in our society! To tell the truth and expose the lies! If the problems in the system are complicated and the lies abstruse then I'm going to say just that! It is my duty!
OK, fine. So what's the topic going to be?
I don't know, but it's some sort of panel discussion, which I think will be very informative!
NIGHTLINE
Uh, thank you Professor Chomsky for that "unique" insight into the hidden agendas of international trade organizations. So now, let me pose the same question to our other panelist.
Ms. Spears, what is your opinion of... fuzzy things?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